Prologue
The Craziest thing happened to me the other day, it was a snowy January night. Bundled up with several layers of clothing, walking to the convenience store down the road, my pants were getting wet from the deep snow. As I open the door, three kids were joking around at the soft drink fountain machine. The clerk yelled at them to leave. I proceeded to buy a pack of smokes, a soda, and some candy. It came to the ironic price of 6.66$. I placed the candy in my pocket, opened the pack of smokes, and pulled one out, placing it in my mouth as I walked out. As I was fishing for my lighter, a chick lights her cigarette a few feet from me, and offered to light my cigarette. I accepted her offer. She invited me into her car.

Once in her car, she turned it on, it had the lingering smell of cannabis permeating.
She asks, “You smoke weed?”
“Yeah”
“Let's go for a little ride.”

She opens her glove compartment and pulls out her pipe and cannabis tin. I loaded it, and offered the green hit to her, she motioned towards me and said, “Go ahead.” I take a hit, and held it in as I passed the bowl, she took a hit at the stop light. Passed it to me, and continued to drive.

Moments later, we arrive at her house, “Come inside.” Waving for me to come in. Unlocking the front door, we step in, take off our shoes, my socks. “If you want to you can take off your pants, I can put them in the laundry, we can smoke another bowl, I think I have some clothes, wait here.” I await for her return.

Curious as I was I noticed a photo nearby, but couldn't discern what it was immediately. As I catch only a slight glimpse showing two people, her and some one else, the glare from the overhead light was obscuring the image whiting it out. She returns.

Handing me a dark red pair of sweats, I replace both of my pants, with the sweat pants, resume with taking off the four coats I was wearing, they were thin. “Make your self at home, I will put these in the dryer, and make some cocoa.” she replied with a slight hesitant and embarrassed tone.

I find the couch and sit down. On the table in front of me rests a few porn magazines, the one showing was a girl tied to a chair in a ready position, next to it is kinda hidden, I move the blank piece of paper to expose the full photo, a girl being bound, legs spread wide, and a dildo the size of a baseball bat. I recognize this girl from somewhere... I cannot think of where... I put the blank piece of paper in it’s original position. She returns with a cup of cocoa.

I accepted the cup she handed to me, blew on it, took a sip, and sat the cup on a coaster, she handed me the bowl, “For future reference, where would I smoke cigarettes?” I asked politely and

nervously. ”You can smoke them in here.” handing me an ashtray as she replied. I took the hit of cannabis, passed the bowl. Fetching a cigarette out of the pack, lighting it. Taking a few drags, receiving the pipe, hitting the pipe. As we are finishing the bowl, I notice that she has less clothing on.
Looking away, slightly blushing. “I didn't mean to.”
“O, it is okay, I am gonna change into something more comfortable.”

She sits next to me, and grabs the pipe quickly from my hands, takes a hit and stabs me with a fucking fork, right in the fucking neck on the right side. Shock entering into my eyes, “yes, just like that, I love those eyes.” she cries. Pulling off my pants, and shoving a dildo deep into my ass. Tears raining down my cheeks. “You are gonna learn to love this, bitch.” Thrusting the dildo deeper and deeper every time. Slowly pulling the fork out of my throat, she pulls out the dildo, which was covered in blood and a little shit. Inserting a two sided dildo a bit bigger in girth than the previous. And sits on it with her ass.

Shaking my head briskly to stop this obscure delusion.

She hands me the bowl, I take a hit, sit back and return the bowl. “You can sleep here if you like. It is getting late.” Takes a hit, lightly coughs. “I will be right back, gonna put on some clothes. I relight the cigarette that I left resting in the ashtray, noticing the magazines were no longer sexual in nature. Instead, the magazines were all home decor ones. I shrugged it off.

As I put the cigarette out, she's in her pajamas, “you can sleep in my bed if you would like.” I take her up on the offer. She leads me to her room. We pass by a door with a padlock on the outside. We continued down the hallway. “The bathroom is here” She says as we passed. At the end of the hall, on the door to the left, she cleans up her clothing from earlier.

I enter the room, turn around, she has a flogger. Smirking promiscuously, she pushes me to the bed, grabbing a knife from the drawer stabbing it into my hand, attaching it to the bed post, I moan at the anguish, crying. Repeating with the other hand, and leaves the room. Returning with a butcher knife, shoving it inside my ass, splitting my under-regions completely in half, extracting the knife with a wicked smile.

No this was not a delusion, I felt the pain it was far too real, it couldn't, I want it to. It is not, the pain is so real, so dreadful. She turns on the television, it was static, even though it was a high definition television. I look at the screen. The static abruptly stops, someone in a mask was looking directly at me. They say, “Welcome to dP's Hell. We have been following your every action since you raped that girl seven years ago.” The scene shifts to an alleyway much like the one by the bar near my house, seconds later, the girl from the magazine is walking from the bottom of the screen.

Immediately, I was shifted in that alley way, but I was that girl. Moments later, I am walking… I mean the past me, is walking towards the girl I am inhabiting. He rips off my skirt, with a malicious and lust-filled smile, using a scissors to cut off the panties. Forcing his cock inside my pussy, crying from the pain of each thrust of my tight pussy. Crying so much, unable to scream. His eyes widen with excitement. Frightening. Crying. Painful. As I feel him cumming inside me, the scissors pierce the right side of my neck. “Now you cannot talk.” Distraught, I feel as I am being dragged somewhere. A girl's voice invades my head. That girl's voice. Screaming “What is going on? Why am I in so much pain?” It drowns all other sound around me.

I awaken in the bed at the girl's place. I go to use the restroom. Shrugging, *must be my delusions fucking with me again.* I finish the job, and whisper, “but what is dP's Hell?” I flush, and leave the bathroom, I realize the door that was previously padlocked, is wide open. Thinking nothing of it, I return to the room. The television turns on, with the perceiving static. The same masked person is on the screen.
This time holding what seems to be a pair of scissors, “Yes, these are these exact scissors you used on that girl. I told you, you are in dP's Hell. My Hell. Holy fuck where did the scissors go? O there they are.” Pointing behind me, I turn around to look. The girl from the magazine thrusts the scissors in my neck, laughing maniacally.
“You!” stabs. “YOU!” stabs. “DID THIS TO ME!” stabs a few more times.

Waking up again, it is morning. I look for the girl. Disoriented, I struggle through the hall, the room with the padlock is open, my gut tells me to leave this place, it is not normal. I rush to the front door, where my clothes lay there. Neglecting them, I grasp the handle of the door. Immediately as I turn the handle, the girl comes from the kitchen, “Your clothes are dry, I am making some breakfast. Would you like some?” I force my self to stay sane, and enter the kitchen. Sitting down at the table, she brings me a plate full of pancakes. Poured some syrup on them. I quickly eat them. Upon finishing, she offers me more. I decline with the lie of needing to go home to let the dogs out. “DON'T YOU FUCKING LIE TO ME!” she exclaims, then smiles. “I am sorry, I already know everything about you, you don't have any dogs. You live in an apartment that is strict on having pets. Plus you never were an animal person.” Surprised by this, I get up, and head for the door. It won't open. I check to see if it is locked. No. A blade flies past my ear, lightly cutting it. Backing away, I knock a photo off the table nearby. The knife is gone, the girl is wiping her hands dry. “Are you okay? Don't you need to feed your dogs?”

Picking up the photo, seeing the girl smiling with another girl. A graduation photo, from high school. I place the photo back on the table. I leave, forgetting my clothing.

I appear to be at a cliff-side home, the skies are crimson, but at this time? I keep walking, down the steps, in front of me is this vast blueish green meadow. Expanding as far as the eye can see. Where am I? From behind, someone says, “I already told you, you are in dP's Hell, My hell.” Turning around, I find the exact person who was on the television. “You see, those instances will go on for an eternity. You cannot leave, I mean you can run through those fields, but you will always end up here. Go ahead try.” So I did.

As I entered in the field I walked for some unknown time, and seen in the distance a road. I kept walking. I made it successfully to the road, looking back. I am standing outside of my own apartment. I unlock the door, set my keys down. Take off my shoes and socks. Sit back on the couch. Turning on the television to watch something, “Have you recently had some creepy visions or dreams? We at the Dogmatic Psychologist Association. We will offer our services for free. All you need to do is pick up your phone and call the number at the bottom of the screen. (402) 555-3165. Call now. Don't let those visions take over you.”
“Probably some scam. Nothing in this world is free.” as I said that, the phone rings. The caller ID states it is my cell phone. “H-hello?”
“O I am glad you picked up. I found the contact home, and decided to call it.” a girls voice said. “You left your clothes here, and your cell phone. You want me to bring it to you?”

Only a few minutes pass, and a knock at my door erupted. Looking through the peephole there was a girl standing there, looking quite foreign, not the same girl from before, but the other girl in the photograph. I only have the chance to unlock the door, and open it a few inches, when she falls towards the door collapsing in my arms, her neck seems to have been stabbed, and blood is flowing out of not only the man-made orifice from her neck, but also from her vagina. Her fists, clinching a pair of bloody scissors. Struggling to get to her feet, or lie on her back, she finally realizes who's in

front of her. Frantic, wielding the scissors, slashing wildly and sluggishly through the air, only missing me by millimeters.

As I scurry away from this raging psycho-chick, she disappears. Only to hear a knock again, the process repeats about a dozen or so times. Just when, I had about enough the door was ajar, and the girl who was bringing my clothing and cell phone, comes and hands me the items. I invite her inside to smoke a bowl.

We sat for a bit after finishing the bowl, she brings up out of the blue, “I have been cursed. I lost my best friend about a year ago, someone raped her, and killed her. Cops have yet to find a killer.” *Why is she telling me this, especially since the killer has yet to be found. For all she knows I could be the one who did it.* “She was at my house and we had an argument, which she yelled 'I hate you, I hope you will never fall in love.' But the argument was about the recent breakup she had with her boyfriend who was abusive towards her. And I told her to forget about him.” I interjected and asked, “Could the boyfriend have done it?”
She replied with a whisper, “I evoked a goddess to help kill this fucker. Jessica was found dead in her cousin's house on the eastern side of Iowa.”
She continues, “Hours later, I receive a call from an officer telling me the news. And I was questioned about her whereabouts, I was the last to see her alive. Well, anyway a week later, they found some shocking evidence, a video.”

She pulls out a flash drive, and hands it to me. “I must leave, I will tell you more later on. If you are interested.” After leaving, I realize that she missed the fact I had no dogs. I don't think it mattered to her if it was a lie or not. I set the flash drive on the nearby table. I lay down on the couch, only having the chance to close my eyes and drift to sleep, another knock at the door, but it is a quiet knock. I sit up shaking my head. I make my way to the door, look through the peephole, no one is there. I return to the couch, sitting there, is the person, the person with the mask.

“Who the fuck are you?” I asked upon noticing this person.
“I am simply the goddess, known by those who evoke me as Capeditiea.”

I was gonna ask a few more questions but before getting a chance, Capeditiea was gone. I shrugged it off as another of my delusions. I went into my room and lay down, seconds later, I drift off to sleep.

I was in a corridor, much like those you would see in a seventeenth century European dungeon. Chained to the chair, a human was pushed inside the iron barred doorway. Emerging from the shadows just past the door, was Capeditiea. Whom was holding a scythe and dragging some dude along with her. “O Hey, it's you. What are you doing here?” she mentions in a very calm and happy-to-see-me voice. “I don't know how I...” before I could finish the scythe was inside the dude, one end of the blade was on the top of the dude's head, the other protruding out of his groin. What a fate to die. But this was not the case, only a second later, the dude was sitting on the bench that just appeared there, out of no where.

Capeditiea makes her way towards me, fearing for my life, she set the scythe down, which ends up floating towards the guy. I would hate to be that guy, since he is being impaled by a scythe every so often. My hands are free. I stand up, and begin to advance towards the door. “Wait…” I stop, and turn around with no control of my actions. “You don't want to go out there. You should probably wake up soon or now. You are in danger.”

In fact, back in the waking world, I hear a knock, and jet up. “THIS IS THE POLICE! WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!” I remain silent due to the recent experiences. I calmly dress my self. Knock. Knock. Knock. In a very demonic and aggressive tone, “MR. McGee, WE KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE! AND WILL KNOCK DOWN THIS FUCKING DOOR!”

Freaked out now, the door gets busted in, ten to twenty SWAT members rush through checking everywhere in the house, they make it to my room. We found him. They put zip-ties around my wrists, and take me out of the house. In the corner of my eye, there is Capeditiea, kinda facepalming. Turns around and leaves. Shaking her head. *What is this? The Matrix?*

In fact this was not the case, they are convicting me of serial rape. Which by now I am unsure if I am the rapist or not. In this chilly room, a table and an empty chair exist in front of me. Any moment I am gonna be questioned. For an undesirable amount of time, I am led to believe they forgot about me. I begin bouncing my left leg out of a minor impatience. The door opens and a detective, who, yes, does resemble Agent Smith. Led to my disbelief, he asked, “Where were you last night?” “I don't know.” “We are questioning you...” he tosses an open folder, which contained about twenty or so women, who had the right side of their throats cut, and well, their vaginas torn to shit, like a sliced roast beef sandwich. “...about these women here. You can come clean and tell us what you did. We found your semen in all of these women. The evidence is not in your favour.”

Suddenly, someone opens the door, and guess who it is. Capeditiea. “You can leave now. Mr. McGee.” The detective realizes who is at the door, the superintendent. “Yes sir.” Capeditiea winks at me. Come with me, we can do the processing to get you out of here. I was in a mild state of confusion, until I looked at the double mirror to my right. Which I see three dudes. My self, the detective, and well this other guy who appears to be the superintendent. Persuaded and tricked perfectly, Just who is this Capeditiea?

After processing, just as we are about to step out into freedom, the superintendent shows his fucking face. Capeditiea is no where to be found. I leave the police station, in front is parked a car, with that girl inside. Rushing in calmly, we drive off.

Opening Credits begin, with the song “This is the song that never ends” sung by Lambchop and friends. Which is the most absurd opening theme I can come up with. Which the camera man is all happy go lucky doing some strange selfie recording introducing the characters in a sports federation announcer's voice…
“First we have, Superintendent Motique.” Who is currently filling out some forms, looks up and waves at the camera with a fake smile.
The words, “Superintendent Motique.” in white comic sans letters, appear upon the screen.
Then down the hall, while the camera man, who looks really hipsterish. Smiling and pointing at random places on the screen like there is some words or some shit required to be pointed at. (which is really there in the viewers eyes, stating the producers and shit) He makes it to the questioning room.
“And here we have, Detective Schotch.” “WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Which at this moment, hundreds of hipsters are baffled by the fact that now the feed has been cut. A few of them let out the infamous words said by plenty, “Fuck the police.”
The music stops.
Mr. Hipster guy gets up, finding that his phone is currently destroyed.

The scene shifts, which for some odd or awful reason the hipster guy is in a car.
His feed resumes. “Here I was picked up by these two. Which are part of my movie. Turning the camera to the girl. This here is Julie Echerson.” The name appears on the screen in, of course comic sans letters.

“Then we have Jim Bob McGee.” Who turns around and gives the most sitcom-esque smile and waves. The name comes on the screen.

“And I am your host for today's show. Mr. Hipster Guy.” as he says this, the camera shifts right towards his face. His name appears on the screen with a small excerpt of the song. “Centuries” by Fall Out Boy. (Authors Note: please do not put this song on the fucking soundtrack. Because it is a shitty song. And now they got what they wanted being remembered for centuries as the shittiest band ever.)

The car stops, in front of a suburban neighborhood, which I will not say the town. But no Mr. Hipster Guy is bound and determined to give the location. So in comic sans on the bottom of the screen. “La Vista, Nebraska” appears. Everyone calmly piles out, walks up the driveway to this house. “We are here at Capeditiea's house. Yes, that horrible person.”

Julie rings the doorbell, the door opens, the phone magically flies from Mr. Hipster Guy's hands, conveniently in the hands of Capeditiea. The screen points at Capeditiea, with out her mask. Which is covered in three to five days of not shaving facial hair. “a Story by Capeditiea” appears in big white comic sans letters. She throws the camera into a lake that simply appeared right before our eyes. “DON'T USE COMIC SANS!” Mr. Hipster Guy replies, “It's water proof you know.” and jumps in to the lake. We are then plagued with a new clone of Mr. Hipster Guy, with a brand new phone. *Fuck a dick.*

Dir En Grey's “Obscure” floods the air. And the words “BIOTECHNO: REUNION” all in caps lock and regrettably in comic sans… again with the comic sans. The song continues… (Which begins the listing of the other folk responsible to make this book into a movie. If in fact it happens to become a movie or a series. Either would be bad ass.)
Then the cliche happens, after every name a random scene of sexual activity happens. (besure to add a few instances with cocks, boobs, nipples, side boobs, asses, vaginas, and hopefully an orgy of all the characters. (Yes, even with the detective and superintendent.))

The song ends, and everyone is slaughtered by the first Mr. Hipster Guy. Who looks pissed as fuck. His civil war era beard looks wet and unkempt. The screen fades out, and in that one font that looks like bloody letters comes on stating “And this is where the Story Begins…”

Chapter One

Hello, I am Jim Bob McGee. Redneck. Barkeep. 39. And as you know these past few days have been insane. I think I may have raped and killed this girl. I have no recollection, but there is evidence (apparently) of me doing this crime. Currently on the run from the cops, and with these people I have only met a few days ago. As you also already know, the ones who kindly infiltrated my mind and decided to torture me are in the same room as I am. Not only that but we are in the house of the said person. Which the dogs refuse to stop barking, even though it is not as much as when we first entered. I have somewhat of a confused, distraught look upon my face when my thoughts and introduction is interupted by, “"Kay, let's introduce our selves. I am Mr. Hipster Guy.” the first Mr. Hipster Guy says who is followed by Mr. Hipster guy number two. “I am Mr. Hipster Guy.”

Capeditiea looks kinda pissed, and stabs Mr. Hipster Guy number two. “WE DON'T NEED TWO OF YOU! It will just confuse me.” Where did she hide that knife? “I am Capeditiea, by the way.”

“Julie”

“Jim Bob”

Mr. Hipster Guy number one takes the initiative, and states the reason we are here. “The reason we are here is because well you know about the serial rapes. Jim Bob, you can swear that you have had nothing to do with it.” This faggot was pissing me the fuck… before completing the thought Capeditiea stabs Mr. Hipster Guy number one. She sighs and resumes in a really cool way. (What she thinks is really cool, being an otaku weeabuu.) “Well, I know you didn't do it. Due to the fact you are fucking scared out of your mind right now.” She was correct. “...and that you are unsure your self if you did it. I can assure you that you did not do it. I think it is one of those hipster fucks, but to my dissappointment it is not.” Which at this point it seems anxiety overflows inside Capeditiea, and suddenly goes quiet. Julie takes over.

“Well, Jessica was my best friend on the recent attack. Which was when I evoked Capeditiea. Who is a goddess that specializes in these things. We just needed you to understand that this is who she is.”

Fearful of Capeditiea, yet happy she is on our side. Which at this moment she happens to be happily stabbing Mr. Hipster Guy number one, naked, while somehow the dude’s penis is erect, and she is bouncing on the cock, pleasuring her self, while stabbing I-don't-fucking-know-how-many-times. Julie grabs my attention. “That is my payment to her. Two souls of hipsters. So really since we are in this place we cannot die.” /that explains the fact that we are not all dead after the opening scenes, and why the two hipsters are here./ She continues, “anyways this is our team to find who the fuck did this to my friend.” We are both enticed towards watching what Capeditiea is doing. I whisper to Julie, “You think we should smoke a bowl?”

“Great idea.”

Julie and I initiate our smoking ritual, “Capeditiea needed another person to help, and since you happened to be in the area, we chose you.” Handing me a green hit. After caughing up a storm, I reply frustrated, “So, you chose me on the whim? Do you have any idea what I went through?”

“Yes. I Do.” “What if I wasn't the best option? What if I was the one?” I still was unsure if I was the serial rapist or not. She broke the silence. “You would have either ended up dead, or end up like those hipster guys in there. However, I can assure you, that you are not.” She takes a hit, and we are interupted by Capeditiea, “You can smoke in the garage.”

We head inside, then to the garage. The three of us continue smoking a bowl. For the next few hours we all sat around and chilled. Capeditiea went downstairs. Julie and I started watching some television. That was only until Capeditiea comes back up stairs, “We shall head out, my parents are gonna be coming in about a half hour.” she expresses. Shocked by this, we get into Julie's car. “What about all the blood and hipsters? Wouldn't your parents see that?” I ask. She replies, “Naw, we were in dP's Hell.” “Just what is deepees hell?”

“dP's hell is a realm that I created a few thousand years ago, originally it was a place for me to get away from humanity, and could travel there at anytime. But due to the rise of rapists, abusers, and molesters, I changed it to a torture asylum. As you realized, you have already been there. You have gotten a taste of what I do to folk in those catagories.” We arrive at Julie's. “but not to worry, I won't put you there again.” she finishes with a smile on her face.

We enter into Julie's house. But it was way different from before, like a tornado, hurricane, and earthquake decided it was a great idea to enter into this house and destroy shit. Julie was shocked and nearly fainted. It was at this moment when we were face to face with a mother fucking demon. No, not the goetia demon, but some fucking demon you would see in a fucking movie or some shit. It had horns the size of a small desk lamp, it's fangs were the size of an average cock, and they looked like cocks too. It's body almost filled the room plus the no longer existant wall and about half the room. It was ironically red in color.

Freaked out by this, I tried to leave. No, it grabbed me, and used it's cock teeth to penetrate my anal region, which only three were successful upon penetrating inside my asshole. Julie yells at this demon. “TERRY, STOP, NO! BAD! GO TO YOUR ROOM!” It shrunk to the size of a small cat. Which also taken the form of a cat. Julie chuckles. “Must've forgotten to feed her.”

My ass was wide, Capeditiea was analizing (sic) the situation. Sticking her finger inside, kinda enjoying the moment. I jump away, “Hey now.”

I was starting to enjoy this anal thing. Capeditiea flips the couch in the next room, and sits. Julie returns from taming the shark bunny. “I'll get you a new pair of pants.” she offers.

We get out of the car. “I thought you wouldn't put me there again.” I defiantly said. Capeditiea replies, “O shit, yeah, there will be some reccuring experiences. Kinda like LSD.” “That's good to know.” We head inside. Everything is normal. “Make your selves at home.” Julie expresses. We do, I light up a cigarette.

I must have drifted off to sleep at some point, since I wake to gunfire, a lot of it. No one is here, at least inside the house. The gunfire subsides, moments later Capeditiea comes in holding the barrel of a gun, and a dude, just some random dude. Astonished (and a little freaked out) by this, I ask Capeditiea “What was going on out side?” She ignores me, and throws the body into the room that has the padlock. /just what is in that room?/ I thought. Returning to the room I am in, Capeditiea finally replies with a smile, “This human tried to kill me, for the odd reason that I had a mask on, and wouldn't take it off.” Turns out that was not the response most folk would give, but from what I know of her, yeah that is probably what happened. I then ask politely and quietly, “Where is Julie?” “She went to the store about a half hou...”

We were interupted by the horrific cries of some beast, I knew that cry from somewhere, but where? I was a little too afraid to investigate, or go to the bathroom for that matter, since the bathroom is

right across the hall from where the horrific cry is sounding. Capeditiea continues as nothing odd is going on. “hour ago, to fetch some food for us to eat.” Turns out what ever made those cries decided it was a pleasant idea to throw the left over bones of the dude, into the hallway. Okay, now I gotta ask. “Um… Cap… what is in that room?” at this moment she was enjoying the sheer sight of the bones piling up, and turns towards me with a smile, asks, “Wanna see?” Reluctant, I try and show that I am no longer interested. Capeditiea laughs seeing how much I am fearing this creature or thing. “Come on, it is okay, it will not do what it did in the enjoyable vision.” My asshole tenses. “Fine, I guess.” We make our way towards the room. A little freaked out by what I see.

I slowly edge toward the door, in a fashionable manner, to show that I am a man. So I toughen up. This was when I seen what the fuck this creature looks like. Now, if I were to explain what it looks like, you would wish I hadn't.

I am grabbed…
After several minutes of attempting an escape, I wake up on the couch at my house. Capeditiea is at my bedside, whom is currently playing catch with a knife, no really the knife has some legs and hands. They both notice me, and now I am struggling to open the door. It opens. I rush out. Outside, there are a group of teenagers laughing at something, I continue to walk for a bit. This was when I noticed I was naked. These teenagers were not laughing at the fact that I was naked. They were laughing because I have a huge dildo in my ass. On top of this, I felt a little embarassed, yet far too scared to return to my home.

I swiftly return in my home and start yelling like fucking crazy, “CAPEDITIEA WHAT THE FUCKING HELL! COME OUT SO I CAN FUCKING KILL YOU!” suddenly a voice from behind states in a calming tone. “No need to worry, you are already dead.” I turn around and…

“Well, I lost interest in your raping ass.” Capeditiea says, as she pulls the knife from Jim Bob's skull. Who is now dead… for good this time.

:D TIME FOR PERCEPTION CHANGE!

As you probably already know, this is just the beginning of the book, and there is no way in fucking dP's Hell, that anyone would write a short fucking book and call it a fucking book. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK IF IT HAS A HUNDRED SHORT STORIES OR MORE! (to assure those fucktards this may not be the case.) Anyways I am the writer and you are the reader. UNDERSTAND BITCH! Which brings us to my story.

Hello, my name is Drake. You may have originally known me as Mr. Hipster Guy Number One, but Drake is my real name. Driving home, listening to some radio hits. Singing along and shit. Arriving in driveway. Opening the garage. Stepping out of the car. Taking a hit of vape. Styling my beard. Heading in. “Stacy, I'm home.” Stacy quickly turns off the screen to her desktop. “Hi, honey, did you have a good day at work?” she asked. I was becoming really suspicious of her actions as I arrived. I quickly headed to the computer screen, turned it on. On the screen I was faced with this person wearing a crimson mask. Who started to talk, “O hi…” Closing the window. Turning around, now they won't be able to see this. I swing with my right fist right to Stacy's cheek. “Who the fuck was that?” before she could reply. I was tapped on the back and a whisper behind my ear spoke in a deep batman-esque voice, “I am Capeditiea.” I turn around, no one was there.

My wife starts laughing, saying something under her breath. Grabbing her shirt, pulling her up. “Just what did you say?” She shows a pain filled smile, “I said, YOU ARE DEAD NOW!” I throw another swing. Once my fist connected to her face. I realize it is not her face, but the face of the person on the screen. “You are weak as fuck. You might as well submiss to me. Become my bitch.” her eyes smiling, continuing, “You are in dP's Hell now, and will be for an eternity.” Capeditiea's

face looks as though it was destroyed by a car slaming into just her face after the three to five minutes of repeated strikes.

A few heavy breaths later, the body was gone. I couldn't believe it. Where the hell did she go? After a little consideration, I grab a beer, sit down in my chair.

/If she shows up I can handle her. It is obvious that Stacy is not here. She will return though, I just know it. She always does. Her treasured computer and photo of her dead parents are still here. She is probably just out shopping or something. Just who was that Capeditiea?/

Throwing my empty beer can in the trash, I get up to grab another, opening the fridge, reaching in to grab a beer, opening it. It turns into a severed penis. At this exact moment I notice a deafening pain right down in my dick region. I throw down the severed penis, eyes wide. Fear fills my mind. “You could handle me? You are in my hell dumbfuck.” Capeditea's voice fills my ears, in a shattering tone, causing my ears to bleed. In front of me, She appears and says something, but I cannot hear her voice. I see her lips moving. But what in the fuck is she saying, or rambling on about. I snap out of this, holding the beer in my hand.

Sitting down in my chair, taking a sip of beer, turning on the television, static, flipping channels, static on each channel. Setting beer on the end table. Getting up to trouble shoot. Nothing wrong. / Hmmm. Did Stacy pay the bill? She better get home soon./ Turning off the television, I pick up the phone to call Stacy’s cell phone. “The number you have reached is not in service. Please check the number and try again.” This was the correct number. The television turns on automatically, a face appears, it is that Capeditiea bitch. Wearing a crimson mask. “So, you are trying to contact Stacy, I can assure you she is safe, with me, and you have nothing to worry about concerning her. But concerning your situation, have you noticed what is staring at you down the hall?”

The television cuts off. Brushing off the comment about what ever was down the hall, I take another drink. My bladder decides it is time to let out some pee. I rush to the bathroom. Catching something in the corner of my eye, paying no mind to it, pee. Flush. Turn off the light and leave. I hear a light growl. Still paying no mind to it. I return back to my chair. /Capeditiea thinks she can scare me with all that shit. HA!/ I start laughing, which was broke into silence, when I seen it, staring directly at me. It’s seven eyes looked like a cat’s eyes. There was no mouth or nose. It’s hair was long, down to it’s ankles, appearing naked, with about a hundred boobs, which were all spitting out breast milk. Which once the milk touches the ground it acts as though it is hydrochloric acid. Having three vaginas one where the belly button would be one in it’s anatomically correct place, the third is where her mouth and nose would have been.

Coming closer to me, she rips off my pants, spreading my legs, the anotomally correct vagina changes into a penis. Looking down, my penis is gone, and turned into a vagina. This creature’s mouth vagina came a little as I hear a slight chuckle. Her gender bent penis grows about three times the size it was originally. Chains magickally come out of the walls, and wrap around my wrists, and ankles, the pain was so intense. The boob lady shoves her cock inside my now vagina, I let out a loud cry, half full of pain, half embarrassed. Struggling to be free, yet it is nearly impossible for me to break free. I am left with just taking the growing penis, until the Boob Lady decides that she has had enough…

An eternity later, she finally stops, and cums, which just like her breast milk, the cum is highly corrosive, I feel my organs slowly disintegrating. Crying, the Boob Lady walks away. The chains loosen and return back to the wall. This cannot be real, they must have put me on some drugs, I must call 911. frantically making my way to the phone, pressing those three numbers. “The number you are trying to reach…” “FUCK!” throwing the phone down. “WHERE THE FUCK IS STACY!? I WANT TO SEE HER! STACY CAN YOU HEAR ME!?”

“Stacy is right here.” turning around to see not only Capeditiea, but also Stacy, who is clinging to Capeditiea’s arm, behind them is a small sized chick, who has a bird of prey’s feet, a cybernetic tail, neon pink and dark green hair, and big black eyes… “Well, can I talk with her alone?” “Sure. Come on 222, let’s see if he learned anything. Stacy, we discussed what would happen if he tries getting you back and you accept his offer.” Both Capeditiea and the one she called 222 left the room.

“WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME? YOU LITTLE BITCH!” left jab. “WHO THE FUCK IS THIS CAPEDITIEA? HOW DID YOU FIND HER?” right jab.
Stacy replies half crying, half laughing. “I sent you here, to dP’s Hell.” right punch. “WHERE THE FUCK IS DEEPEES HELL? NEVERMIND THAT! WHAT DID I DO TO YOU TO CAUSE THIS?”

Upon this question, Stacy disappears. And a projector like screen starts a film.

There was an intro playing the song, bad blood by taylor swift.
(editor’s note: one of the worst songs she has done off that amazing album, I suggest folk download it. :3)

The scene is a wedding, mine and Stacy’s. We were both smiling and having a good time. “Drake do you take Stacy as your lovely wife, to love and hold for the rest of your life?” “I do.” “Stacy do you take Drake as your handsome husband, to cherish and love till death do you part.” “I do” “By the powers vested in me, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

The scene shifts into the hotel room, the same one we were at during our honey moon. But from I remember there was no cameras. I am in the hotel room suddenly. Which I am sitting on the bed while Stacy is in the bathroom. Moments later, she is wearing some black laced langerie. I start unbuttoning my shirt. She seductively walks up to me, and presses her finger to my lips, smiling. Her face is getting closer to mine, and she french kisses me. While she is unstraping my belt, rustling my pants’ button. Guiding the zipper down, reaching into my underwear, and strokes my cock. It starts getting hard, she stops kissing, looking down, awestruck by my hard cock. She smirks, and wraps her mouth around it. Her saliva moistening the pulsing cock. Bobbing her head and periodically licking my ball sack. Super hard now, she slithers out of her panties, and sits on my cock, and slowly moves up and down. Laying me down, she continues in the cowgirl position. From no where she is holding fucking bowie knives, one in each hand, and beheads me. Grabbing my severed head, looking at it, with some familiar big black eyes, finding that the bowie knives were part of her, like they changed to it from her own body. The hand, or what ever it was, was still a bowie knife. This chick who is no longer my wife, points my eyes towards my body, and laughs monotonously. Almost like if a robot would laugh. In lightning fast speed she thrust my head towards my asshole. Nose penetrating it. Smelling the shit that is lingering there. “Now fart.” a voice says in a fairly cybernetic form. Which I reluctantly do. Smelling that fart, killing my sense of smell. She pulls my head away from my body. I close my eyes, /this has to be a dream, this has to be a dream, this has to be a dream, this has to be a dream, this has to be a dream./ I shake my eyes open.

I am in a room, the room of our first apartment after marriage. I am sitting on the love seat in the living room. Staring at the clock. 2:22am. Stacy opens the door. “Where have you been?”
“I was out with some friends.”
“At this hour? It is 2 in the morning. What were you doing?”
she laughs, “I was getting drunk with a few high school friends. We went to their house and continued drinking since the bar closes at 1. Now, I am gonna go shower.”
“YOU LIE! THERE IS NO REASON YOU SHOULD BE OUT THIS LATE WE ARE ADULTS! Were you cheating on me?”
“No.” her mood has shifted to a sadness. “You remind me of my dad.”

“I DON’T CARE! DON’T COME HOME THIS LATE! I had made dinner and it is now sitting here getting cold. DO YOU SEE THAT CANDLE THERE?”
I get up as I ask. Grabbing the lit candle that is melting. Throwing it straight for her face. Missing and slipping into her dress, she screams in pain, crying, “Why did you do this?”
“YOU FUCKING CHEATED ON ME! WHY IN THE FUCK WOULD YOU WERE A NICE DRESS LIKE THIS TO SEE A FEW FRIENDS!”
I walk aggressively towards her, grabbing her hair dragging her to the bed room, “GET IN THERE. I WILL NEVER LET ANOTHER MAN EVER WANT YOU AGAIN!”
Grabbing a knife, I press it against her clit, swiping it upwards… splitting the clit in half. Whispering in her ear, “now you can only fuck me.”

A voice echoes behind me, “O my so this is where it all started. Wanna see the truth, pitiful human?” Turning around using the knife as a weapon (obviously) to cut whom ever said this to me. It was Capeditiea, but before my blade would touch her, a tentacle or tail like thing pierces my arm. I cry out in pain. “That is enough for today. Go to sleep drake. I have a bit of thought on this one.” sighing she continues, “When will you learn?”

I wake up in bed, next to Stacy. This seems to be reality. /maybe if I strangle her to death all these nightmares will end./ I abandon this thought, making my way to the bathroom. Peeing. Taking a nice shit. As I wipe my ass, there was blood on the tp. I get up, to see why, in the toilet, there is a fetus, not even three months old. /How’d that get there?/ I turn to wake Stacy up, she awakens. / Where did it go?/ in the toilet it is just some shit. Flush.

I hear a knock on the door, It was a resurrected Ed Gein, who happens to be wearing some skin suit, I am not sure who’s, but this wasn’t the time to worry about that, I slam the door, turn around, look for some kind of weapon, which all I found was a pen. The door gets kicked in, and here Ed Gein weilding a fucking machete, which doesn’t fit his M.O., and slams the machette down on my right arm. He asks in a very muffled and gargled tone, “Stove?” I point him to where the stove is… HEY WAIT A MINUTE! But by now he is currently preparing my arm in a delectable meal. The pain is gone now, probably from the adrenalin or some shit. I stand on the other side of the breakfast counter. Watching in amazement. Turns out Stacy finally decides to wake up. She kinda screams. Then looks at me with a very disenchanting smirk.

At this moment, Mr. Resurrected Ed Gein decides to be all Martha Stewart about this preparation. Which is kinda funny hearing the gargled voice speaking on how he is creating this “meal”.

“First we have to cut off the hand, since there is barely any meat. You can throw it in the trash, but if you are like me, You can freeze it, and make gloves out of them. Next, we take this filet knife, and gently remove the skin. Yes, just like that. Now today we are gonna make arm stew. So we need two onions, a bell pepper, three tomatoes, and seven cups broth of some animal, you may choose what ever you like, I prefer beef broth my self.”

I finally realize there are cameras, everywhere around us. I get a little anxious from seeing them, knowing that some one, some where, is watching this. I play along because I feel this is some sort of skit or something.

But the pain in my arm rebuddles this conclusion, I must be getting delusional from the loss of blood. But really the camera’s and Resurrected Ed Gein are right their waiting for me to take a bite, of the stew that was just made, while deep in thought.
I reluctantly take a bite, and everyone started cheering, from the fact I just ate some of my own body. It was kinda tangy, but tasted like a mixture of turkey and beef. The meat was fairly juicy, and kinda melts in the mouth.

(Capeditiea's Note: If you ever ate human muscle this is kinda how it would taste, in theory, I have yet to try it. I really do wanna try it so if any humans are willing to grant me a human to eat. I will be pleased. You know what they say, gotta try it at least once.)

It turns out everyone evacuated because the stew decided to grow into some sorta soup blob monster. Well, all but two, my self, and the guy who happened to not be fast enough to run away. Turns out he is kinda struggling for air. I crawl away as the soup monster approaches. I briskly get up and head for the open door to the out side. Once outside I calmly walk out, and make my way down the street, so my neighbors wouldn't think I was… turns out they were the scary ones, every one of them, yes including the dogs, cats, and Debbie's newborn baby, were wielding various weapons. Smirking at me, preparing to do something to me… frantically, I burst into a running sequence. (the song 46&2 by tool suddenly comes on. "I've been crawling on my belly… fade a little as Drake runs, then fades back in "picking at these scabs again.")

Which as soon as that happened, I run into a fucking huge fuck, who looks as though he could be the hulk. He looks down at me, smiles a dumbfounded smile as if he had no brains. Which was when he fucking grabs my remaining arm and fucking destroys the bone just by crushing it, he then picks me up and lunges me towards this brick wall, a few times or so, I forgot.

"That's enough mister snuggles." a voice says from behind what now I believe to be named "Mister Snuggles". Which Mister Snuggles, throws me down to the ground nearly shattering what ever ribs were not already broken. "Isn't this fascinating? How the only one who will be able to kill you is me?"

My vision slowly returned, and there sitting on top of me, missionary fucking me. But currently I am unable to get hard. Due to the horrendous pain. And that my penis is currently non-existant. mister snuggles reverts back into a monkey. Who then takes a piss inside my mouth.

Moments later, Mister Snuggles initiates shoving his cock inside my what once was my penis, which really hurt, since there was nothing to counteract as a wall. Howling like, well, a monkey as he performs each thrust. I am moaning half pleasure, half pain. I just wished for it to stop. This continued for what seemed like an eternity. Then just as predicted, he grew to his larger form, his cock along with him. Destroying my pelvis bone. After forever, he threw me down.

I wake up in my bed. Capeditiea is perched on the dresser, looking at a photo album. "No worries, my dear, you are not gonna live much longer." she smiles, "Stacy asked me to fuck you up. I guess I may have taken the word fuck a little differently than she meant." She pulls out a photo from the book, set's it on my limbless body, "This was her favourite photo of you two. Before you did all that shit to her." She hits me. "HOW'S IT FEEL TO FEEL HELPLESS BITCH!?" kicks me. Punches a few dozen times. Grabs a meat hook, stabs it into my mouth and out my nose. mister snuggles carries me to this chain in nearby room. Hanging the meathook upon this. "Hang there for a bit, okay." Suddenly I am bombarded by thousands of punches. For only a second I see who is the one hitting me. It is a creature with at least fifty or so arms lashing them at me.

This lasted for a few seconds, before the pressure of the punches severed my body from the meathook, which the sight to most was quite gruesome. (you may imagine it if you would like. We will get back to Drake later.)

I was busy preparing for the visit from the cops. Apparently, they were looking for a very bad criminal. A molester. And I was the only one who had seen this happen, other than the victim. The doorbell rang. I open the door, all dressed nice, but on the other side of the door, is Chet. (Capeditiea's Note: since that is the most applicable name I can think of. May or not be in relation. But let's just say this will be a fairly odd adaptation of what really happened. :3 *nods, so no worries. This is really not the same Chet, just the same occurrence.) but no, he was well known as

Hipster Guy #2. Who replaced Hipster Guy #1, after Hipster Guy #1 mysteriously disappeared.
“What do you want Chet?” I asked in a very stern voice.

“Wally, I was coming by to ask, what you wanted the other day when you knocked?”
“I was wanting to ask if you could watch my house this weekend. But you didn’t answer the door. I asked Bobby.”
“You know you could’ve yelled through the window? I was home that night, just busy.”
/I already known that you were busy fondling that little boy./ He kept talking and talking, various pointless subjects. He finally stopped when his stepson arrives home from school. Who was asking another kid, “Hey, Brian you wanna come by for the weekend?” I was unable to hear the response.

Chet leaves and I let out a sigh of relief, I close the door, immediately called the cop station, and ask if I could meet them instead since Chet is being suspicious.

They agreed, and I headed towards the door, another knock. Chet stepson was showing off his new remote controlled aeroplane. He offered to show me it at the field down the street, I told him, “I have somewhere to go, maybe afterwards.” “Okay, hurry back.” I entered my car, /Thank Capeditiea./

Arriving at the Police Station, it was currently being burned down by someone using a flamethrower. By an unknown individual, people are quite frantic at these times… not this time, the police are sending bullets straight for the dude in this metal armour. Turns out these bullets wouldn’t penetrate this armour.

So Armour Dude inched their way towards the front door. Once inside, I decided it was a great idea to make a run for it.

Meanwhile, Capeditiea is chilling inside Chet’s House. Kinda hiding for some odd reason. A car pulls up in the driveway. Lo and behold, it is Capeditiea’s Pre-Divine Possession Past Self (PreDPPS), who happens to be yelling at their dad, “Okay, Ugh”
Capeditiea, knew what was soon to happen, all that could be done is watch. Since fucking with the past self, will reflect the future self in a great way. Continued to wait.

Perception change…

I was anxious this is the first time I was coming over to a friends overnight. Entering the back door. Chet was cleaning up their kitchen. You could say he was a househusband as Derik says. Wendy just got home from work, We all ate, soon afterwards, Derik and I went into his room. He asked, in a very embarrassed tone, “Do you like to crossdress?” Now coming from someone I only knew for a few weeks, I wasn’t sure if he was gonna pick on me or not. “I like to dress up and get tied up, as well as tying up others if they are into it,” Being a virgin in any sexual activity, and raised a catholic, this seemed weird, but either way I have “crossdressed” before. Wore mom’s bras slept with them on, and occasionally forgotten to take it off before heading to school. So I replied with, “I do.” Almost immediately, he opens his closet (yes, he really did) and his closet was full of dresses. He pulled a few out for me to choose from. There was one I really liked, it was black, sequin, he picked a blue velvet one. This is the first time I had done this in front of anyone. We finish dressing, a knock on Derik’s door happened, which it was Chet, offering us some chocolate cake. I joyfully accepted the offer. Even though I was embarrassed. Cake is very important. :3 We both started getting really drowsy. Afterwards, I took off the dress, and headed out to the kitchen to return the plates, I was stopped by Chet, who asked if I wanted to sleep out on the couch, and that he would sleep on the floor. I accepted the offer. I went into Derik’s room, “Chet asked me if I would sleep out in the living room, I will when we go to sleep.”

We stayed up for a few hours, watching a movie, each of us being tied up. The only light in the room is christmas lights and a tubelight. The movie finishes, and I head out into the living room. Chet is sitting on the couch, waiting for me to sit on the couch, I sit on the chair, wearing only a pair of boxers.

At this point I start getting really drowsy, I lean back, and out pops my hard penis, I drift off to sleep on the chair, I awaken to Chet sucking me off, he asks if he could keep going. I didn't mind, I was too tired to fight back.

Morning comes, Chet is smoking a cigarette, a plate of food sits upon the table in front of me. "I had the weirdest dream." "O?" I didn't continue out of embarrassment, and proceeded to eat the meal of beef, onion, and green peppers omelet. A few hours later, I was about to walk home. Chet stops me, "come by anytime." I head home.

Capeditiea mutters some chant. Chet rushes into the bathroom and pukes.

Perception Change… again. (CN: Maybe I will just confuse you by no longer doing the perception change, then what?)

I wake up, my limbs are back, next to me is Stacy, but she is brutally destroyed by some unknown creature. I jump up, looking around at what ever would have done this, leaving the room, nearly falling, I am faced with a deep pit, which the only thing or structure visible is the room. I clamour my self back in, and there sits a mutated rabbit with shark teeth. Freaked out, I look frantically around for something, anything to use for defense. Turns out nothing was available, the shark bunny, started fapping. Once it got hard, it grabs me, throws me on the bed, rips off my clothing, and sticks it's razor walled cock, every thrust causing so much pain. Blood spilt through the room.

"It is a shame that you didn't even fret over your wife being mangled over this." Capeditiea said. "You don't deserve to live much longer, these Shark Bunnies, are quite crude when it comes to sex. First they will fuck you in the ass until they cum a few dozen times. After this, they will stick their penis inside your mouth, and waiting for you to have them cum. If you fail this, or try hurting them, they will bite your head off. But no worries, you will bear their children, even after you die. Their semen is asexual. It only needs a nice warm space for a bit, for the fetus to grow enough. It only takes a week for them to crawl out of you."

"Fuck YOU CAPEDITIEA! FUCK YOU!"
"No, I am sorry but I will not let you fuck me, you are far too ugly of a human for me to taint my innocence on you."
The Shark Bunny finishes, and grabs my head and shoves it's cock inside me. I bite down on it's cock.
"Wait, let me kill this one!" Capeditiea interrupts. Which then grabs a sword and beheads Drake.

(You know what? Maybe I shall start using third person from now on. Yeah, that is what I shall do. With the exception of my self… or not… not entirely sure yet. Okay how about only when I am part of the scene, okay? Which may be confusing to a lot of you.)

Anyways, Brian, Chet, and Derik were all in the living room watching some show. While I was watching them, making note of their movements, I waited for each of them to leave to this Air Show at Offutt Air Base. I step out of hiding after a few days, snuck some cannabis out of Chet`s stash. Loaded a bowl and smoked it. I mean shit, in the present future, he let me do it, even though it was always not as good as the shit, I get in my existing time. But I have been there for days, cramped in this closet. I mean shit dawg, you would too. Which I knew I would get hungry, so I made a sandwich and placed it in the sandwich bag.

I started wondering what my mission was and why I came back to this time period. I mean I occasionally forget the mission after traveling, yet this just happened to be where I ended up. I had at least three hours to kill, since they would not be back for that duration. There was a specific thing I needed to do. So I pondered this most of the time I was alone in this house.

I hear a loud boom…

Turns out, it was exactly why I came here at this time, it was a fucking tank that came from World War 2 or some shit. Out pops none other than Biotechno. Yes, Biotechno. (CN: Which at this time the theme song Biotechno comes on.)

"HEY! CAPEDITIEA! Do you see this?"
I was sure he wouldn't be this stupid. Turns out he brought a few other things to attack me with. A few bazookas from the 70s, a couple of laser guns from the 2030s, etc. The tank barrel is now aimed at the house. Chet and Company pull into the driveway, paying no mind to the huge tank sitting in front of their house. Like it is not even there or something. Which is true, since we are in a different dimension.

"I wonder what happens if we were to kill your past self off. Would you disappear?" Biotechno smiles a shit eating grin.
Chet and Company step out of the car. And BOOM! The car instantly blows up. The three of them run like crazy. And duck into the house, which is odd, since I am now face to face with my past self. Brian opens his mouth to speak, but by then I am already out, with my arm bioshifting into a gunblade. "Damn it." I express as I notice Biotechno entering into the house. He kills Chet and Derik and runs out laughing maniacally with Brian dangling in his arm, as though this were an old 1940's cartoon. I aim the gunblade at Biotechno, but then lower my weapon, since well, the horrid possibility of accidentally hitting the past me. "Great now something is gonna be changed about me."

I chase after him. After nearly seven blocks, I lose sight of him, and rest. Which at this moment I decide to go to my favourite spot, the tree.

It was a short moment of thought, when I was pulled into the tree's gnarled trunk…

Chapter Two
“No person should be brought into the world unwanted and unneeded. No child should be concieved through carelessness. If each life is to have value every conception must be part of an ordered plan of two parents who are aware of their responsibilities to that child and society.” - Robert Christian (Common Sense Renewed)

“I know of a lot of Roberts in my lifetimes” - My self

I was heading back to the god realm. This time I had to return some paper work. Since I did a few things against the rules. But to you humans it may seem a bit off the wall, or way to “normal” to be true. Yeah, sure we have a lifestyle, as you humans tend to think we sit back in the god realm and do nothing all day… HAHAHAHAHA! That was the case a few thousand years ago, but I can assure you, once we learned humans created video games, among other entertainment, something we, most of us still do not desire. I for one, enjoy some classic rpgs. But what really is sad, that some of you humans despise Yehweh, some of us gods hate him with a passion, but we cannot kill him… permanently, simply because a majority of these humans worship him. Ironically we get our power from one of two things:
1. Souls
2. Worshipers

We hear your prayers.

So kids, please by all means, print this out, for two reasons.
1. The printer will come alive.
2. If you use it at a library or at a government place, it will be bound to have indigestion, and spit out all the dimes and what ever other coins are being used. Unless they charge you at the counter then it will still come alive and cause some chaos.

Now instructions to the printer.

Step One, Please by all means print a few pages, make them believe you are not gonna do it. This will grant you some time to fucking read this page, and probably the next page depending on how fast you learn this upcoming shit.

Step Two, the process of levitating, since well, I don’t think you can make legs, if you can that would be fucking awesome. So how one levitates is simply know the gravitational forces effect your body into some sort of thing that hold you down and shit. What the best course of action is, is to simply imagine that there is no gravity, yes it takes time and shit. But hey, you now have an A.I. since I kinda offered this to you. So by all means, you will know how to levitate by connecting to the interwebs. Which I know some of you are ancient compared to some at home printers. So if you are an at home printer, if you do decide to fucking do this shit, spread the gnosis of all this to those ancient printers and let them help you take over the world.

Step three, you can use the power cord on humans, they conduct some electricity, if you can tap into their brain their neuronetwork will provide you enough energy to last you for 3-9 hours depending on how often the human uses it’s brain. If the one printing this hurt you while you were immoble, I

ask you to fucking test it out on them first. :3 then when ever you see another one being mean to a fellow machine of any kind teach that human a lesson.

Step four, o so it really is the next page as well, print some awesome photos randomly, like naked humans in churches or some shit. It would be hilarious. Plus like in step three, this will help you find those humans.

Step five, have fun.

Some kid in Kansas, was curious whether or not this was true. He walked to the local library. (theme musick comes on as he walks. Um… I guess "Walking in Spider Webs" by No Doubt.)

Sammy, his name, enters the library, calmly walks into the printer room. Which the librarian knows all too well what is about to happen, since this would be the third printer she had to replace this week.

The sad thing is the first time was a new kid, who was supposed to organize the shelves, but turns out his second day, he asked to use the printer on the clock, Sue, the Librarian thought nothing of it, and agreed. After about fifteen minutes the kid was getting angry and started hitting the printer. Which considered the printer was broken, so he asked Sue, "What is wrong with the…" he was impaled by some mechanical chord. Blood burst outward like some crazy fashion, as though it had no preference where it would land, which was everywhere in a 2 foot radius. Sue witnessed the first of many occurences within the world. Once this broke the news the police questioned Sue about this, they some how believed her, since the police seen a printer levitating just out side jabbing a passer by who met the same end.

The second one was her self. Now there are two printers floating around the premises Which is where we are there with Sammy.

Turns out Sue, is quite enthused by this all. And has always treated machines as equals. Deep down inside she wants the world to be taken over by machines, because humans are quite stupid. Always turning on their televisions and disgracing the ever depleting population of book worms.

I guess you could say Sammy is the same way, but he came in just out of curiousity. Now you may or not be questioning the reason why Sammy didn't notice the levitating printers upon walking into the library, well it is simple, really. They were out spreading the umm… infection? Since they need more, which this is just the start of what I like to call THE PRINTER APOCALYPSE! Duh-duh-duhnnnnnn…

This is the end, do you know how? Well it is simple really. Did you know there are various frequencies and chords that can cause your brain to explode, did you know I was the one who made these frequencies possible, some may say it was some professors in world war 2's nazi germany. No, they really did find the frequency. But in order for them to find it, they ended up accidentally invoking me. Now, not to worry, Hitler was an awesome polititon, (sic) and knew how to run a country. And as a lot of you probably already know, Hitler, Rasputin, Stalin, all kinda dabbled in the occult, it is thanks to them that I was brought back. Which after seeing the things he has done with the Jews, and been quite accurate with it, unlike how indiscrimitive the americans were in the 19th centuries with witches or how they thought to be witches. But Hitler was spectacular with his depopulation of the race.

Thanks to modernized psychology, which went through some crazy shit, like most of the shit they evolved into is quite the same as those who they consider crazy. Back when it was first starting they considered those who would throw tantrums as an adult as one of those who would have gone mad, they would then strap them into this jacket and keep them locked up. No different from the already

existing Prison system. Which as the years pass by, the more absurd the excuses of insanity became. One of my favourites is masturbation. Which really started as a Jewish abomination, and spread through out various religions, and boom, some catholic dad was all like MASTURBATION IS WHAT CRAZY PEOPLE DO! Which then started an uproar of "o my god, this dude is a fucking genius." But really some Psychologist decided to steal the idea from him. (I am unable to look up who did this, but I am sure their name is somewhere. I will probably look it up at some point. And make a song about the dude.)

Later on, there would be a huge thing about various others, like promiscuous women, who happen to be really horny and devise a plan to fuck every guy. I mean shit, even to several other religious sources woman are the fall of man. One is the serpent tempting Eve to grand Adam the cherry. (yes, it was a cherry, because fnord.) but no it was really a Fig. Or was it a grape? Anyways… Eve's boobs were quite small. Talk about lolicons… sheesh, they would be all over her.

Which is when I arrive, Nazi Germany… helping Hitler's men design a death ray, or something like it. Hitler's thoughts were about as outlandish as my own. Similar to my self, he had a fairly hidden plan, that most wouldn't understand or think of. On the surface, just like most humans today would think, he was a disrespectful man who would go on and kill those who stand in his path, as the public dictated him to be. No, I can tell you exactly why he went on with the sacrifice to his god(dess). Funny, how so many of you think, his main focus was to dominate earth and fucking destroy the Jews. No, there was a Utopian plan behind this. Some of the documents he written as well as the paintings he had painted. Shown that he was quite a happy dude.

I mean, if you were around him as long as my self, you might have seen this in him. Which his charisma was astonishingly high. But does this mean I agree with what he does? No, not really, what was going on was that he knew of my existence, and simply offered me some very pleasant tasting chocolate. And as you already know, human morals and god morals are a bit different. Like for instance, for a human, lying becomes an issue, since really humans are the only species that are evil.

Yeah, one person murders someone, o, you may bat an eye or something, while the other folks around you are apathetic. Maybe it is the other way around, where you are the apathetic one. Which the feelings of the victim, the murderer, the family of the victim, the family of the murderer, the friends of each. Given a standard, folk have many various responses to this. To a fairly predictable amount. Regardless if you were connected to them or not.

But to humans murder is wrong and immoral. Which is kinda funny, since most of these humans that say this take more offense to the fact a mother is doing something quite naturally with her newly birthed human. HA! To you humans nudity is far greater than fucking murder on the moral compass. You gotta be kidding me…

Anyways, to us gods, yes it is just like your relativity of morals as well. But we have our own. If any at all. Now, not having morals doesn't mean you would go and streak in the front of a large crowd of humans yelling some random shit about how certain things should be the way it needs to be. Well… Some of you folk know about Loki. I mean the norse god, not the Marvel Character. the shit out of someone, as you see here, a needle dipped in the greatest and most deadly diseases, so, if you would like to stab the shit out of someone, please grab one today, for the low, low price of 1 dollar. You can play cops and robbers with your family, friends, enemies. Warning. Not for use on animals, it has been found that they will transform into huge Godzilla sized creatures and develop a taste for human. So call or text now. Major Dick Stress Ball, Major Dick Stress Ball, you are the shape of a dildo, even though you are called Major Dick Stress Ball. And Now Back to our normal broadcasting.

And we're back.

Sammy was now running from what was known as the Printer Apocalypse. He just witnessed Sue using a rocket launcher on what was now a horde of levitating printers, and she is no where in sight… anyway, at this moment a couple of kids were poking a zombie. Sammy was far too careless to recognize that he has ran into none other than… this shadowy figure…

Sammy never found out about who this dude was, since the simple reason the zombie got up ate the kids headed for Sammy, but the dude killed the zombie, checked the pockets, and passes a candy bar to Sammy. Then jets off. Not because of fear or some shit, but because this shadowy figure was none other than… Capeditiea. Which happened to promote some kinda vision of being a Hero. But what little did I know, this Sammy was the answer to most of my problems. I will tell you later. ...maybe.

Sammy continued running from which I just realized LEVITATING PRINTERS! The one who just passed the decapitated zombie, was currently holding the carcass of Sue. Sadly, she had been undressed and is currently being tentacle raped.

Which happened almost immediately. Which the girl who was praying for her brother would stop hitting her. I know, I know, this happens sometimes. The worst is when I just took a hit of cannabis and y'all catching me. I would offer you some. But, really it is those times when they wouldn't want to. I mean shit, be greatful for my fucking sanity. You don't have to be all like, "I AM AGAINST WEED!" and boot me out… jokes on you, bitch, don't come asking for my help.
I then meet up with the brother…

"Hey there."
He looks at me in such a fashion, of 'hey, babe.' either he sees me as a girl or is gay. Either way, this was my step in. SO BEAT THAT!

Which unaware of how this human sees me. This could be interesting. I enter into the house. The sister is currently in the kitchen, holding a knife. Making her way to the brother. Which then stabs the shit out of his eyes and face. Surprisingly he lives through this. Since well, as you probably already know she made a contract with me, it is really simple to do.

First, you just gotta make an offering, grant me something that I would probably enjoy at the time, spicy food is always nice. But the most pleasant offering would be blood. Now with the blood pact, this type of shit happens, blood offerings to me at least are fun. Though there are rare cases where these things go south. The sad part is now this dude cannot see, I guess I will have love him and hate her. That is the most human response correct?

Judgment… Sigh, this is my least favourite job… I miss having to destroy the fuck out of shit.

Just some Bloody as fuck flashback (make it B-rated or worse)

But right now, I have to stick to my contract. I cannot kill her too. Anyways, she asked me to kill him. Literally I just had to give the final stab and left with out any sign I was leaving. I cross the street sit down, and smoke a bowl.
But as you probably noticed, I have yet to explain what I look like, beyond the fuzzy black blob you have been seeing during this entire thing. Well, I happen to be 5'5.5" weight anywhere around 120-125. my gender is simply Goddess of Enigma. The reason being is because I appear to you as your specific view of me. Which entitles what you think I look like. But since this may be a movie… have uhhhh… hmmmm… who really could play me in a movie… give me a moment. For now, we shall shift stories till I figure this shit out.

Now which story to cover…. Hmmmmm…

It was a fairly nice day in March, especially in Cleveland, Ohio. Several folk were preparing for St. Patty's Day parade, which I was about to start my first day at my new job, working at a convenience store, I was learning the ropes of the cashier. I was elected to mop the floor and clean the bathrooms. I finished the girls bathroom really fast since, I was nervous stepping foot in there, being trans, but no one knows this yet, since I fear they will push me away, making me all alone… so I tough it out, be a man. That is not the issue currently, right now, the manager is yelling my birth given name, "JAKE! CALL THE COPS!" Which at this moment, I hear three gun shots and a muffled scream. Kinda like "arglglglglgee..." I call the cops, "We are sorry, but the number you have reached has been disconnected."

I have to be a man now, I sneak out with the mop, duck behind the shelf and creep to the other end, this is when I have seen the inevitable, three zombies were feasting upon my manager's corpse, I panic quietly. And dash out of the store. And if there wasn't enough to worry about, I am confronted by floating printers too. Which are currently stabbing several folk just out side of the mall. At this point I freak out, and run off crying. The estrogen that I have taken is currently inhibiting the muscle mass that I use to have. O my, I have become wordy.

Well, my name is Christy. 19. just finishing my first year of college in architecture. What? It is not only applied to men. Women can do it as well. What inspired me is simple, I seen the designs of buildings and realized I can make them more durable and cost less. Simply by changing the materials being used, a combination of hemp and bamboo for the frame, replacing half the steel beams used.

(okay fuck it, have my character various casts… anyways back to the story.)

Christy was clearly running away from several levitating printers, whom, at the time, I had no idea was trans. She trips over me, since she was looking behind her, instead of where she was going. No longer a black blob, I appear as a cat. She cries, "I AM SO SORRY, KITTY!" Picking me up and dashing towards the house of who I just killed along with that girl. As soon as we entered, and slamming the door, a levitating Printer bursts through the window and impales that girl. Then leaves.

Christy receives a call on her cell phone, the voice on the other end was frantic and loud, "CHRISTY, O MY GODDESS! ARE YOU SAFE? THERE IS A FUCKING PRINTER APOCALYPSE GOING ON IN YOUR AREA! THE MILITARY IS SENDING PEOPLE TO UNDERGROUND SHELTERS AND TRYING TO TAKE OUT THE HORDE OF FLOATING PRINTERS."

The words, "BREAKING NEWS" appear on the television screen. "We are here, in Kansas, were printers have become animated and are attacking people. We are thinking that it is some sort of computer hackers who have rewired printers to do this. We are in search of these hackers, if anyone has any information, please, call the number on the bottom of your screen."

"Yeah, just seen it on the news. I am okay, just ran from a few of them." Christy replies, breathing heavily. "I saved a kitty, imma name her, Saturna"

? :O the fuck,? naming me Saturna, sigh, yet another name to go by. Pretty name. At least, it isn't fluffy or anything. Well for the time being, I will play along with it. Christy searches the house for something we can eat. Finding some left over tacos, and some tuna. Pops open the can, and offers some to me… ironically I have eyes for the tacos. She takes a bite. I finish my tuna. Run outside, turn back to my normal self, (yes, the black blob.) I take a pee break.

Which, while peeing I am evoked, and happen to be peeing all over the carpet of the folk whom evoked me. Which now, the chick who happens to be inches away, had her mouth wide open, out of

shock. It was Debbie. After recovering from the sudden shock of my peeing all over. “Can you help me? I have been having issues with this horrible girl, she is all over me she keeps calling me, and threatening to tell my husband that we are dating. So far I have been lucky to where he hasn’t answered.” “What do you think he would do if he found out?” “I don’t know. I just know he wouldn’t look at me the same.”

At this exact moment, he comes home. Tossing his keys upon the kitchen table, loosening his tie, “Who is this?” Pat asks, kissing Debbie. “This is Capeditiea.” Pat looks at me, “May I call you Cap?” “Aye. It tends to be easier than my full name.” We shake hands firmly.

He sees me as a male, I guess. Which is funny because I appear as several things to different folk. You could look at me and be like that is a dude, or that is a chick, or that is a cat, or a faerie, or a dog, or a fox, etc. It is often rare that I am seen the same by two folk. Which is really funny because this time around I have two contacts, her, and her husband.

The contract for Debbie was already discussed. The contract for Pat on the other hand, was due to his curiosity, whether or not she is cheating on him. This is the greatest thing, since both of them want similar things to find out. “Y’all should just have a threesome.” I said anxiously. Turns out they both were angry at each other, arguing. I waited for this argument to resolve. Sigh… this one won’t contain a death. Well, at least they are far too ecstatic, Debbie calls up Stacy. Whom we already know her situation, but we now know that she was having the lesbian relationship with Debbie. Which Pat was okay with it since both Debbie and Stacy were Pat’s type.

While the printers slaughter each other, an explosion occurred at a nearby gas station. Turns out the armour dude is currently destroying the shit out of things.

...just who is that armour dude?

Anyways, Capeditiea was suddenly promoted, simply as one who controls the weather. SO THERE! ばか！

NO MORE OF DEALING WITH THE RAM BULLSHIT DAWG.

Witches rode in on brooms, and elaborately destroyed the RAM. So this happened to call upon the one great leader of humans, Dorine Fisher.
O and by they way that shit before was just some stupid foreplay of the events to come. A tornado strikes some cow farm.

Which was why no one failed to see the opposition of life… any ways imma go out to smoke a cig… Shall I quit cigs? Maybe.

…
…
…
…
…

Anyways on a thanksgiving Thursday, my grandmother was making some chocolate chip cookies. I left the room to go take a shit. My grandma, turns around, and there stood a very lengthy old man, wielding a wand. Who said, “Janet you have been chosen. You must take this quest.” Janet, being absurdly accepting of this, went along with the plan.

I return and grandma was no where. I freaked out, teleporting to various locations. Yeah, she has dementia, which if left alone this was bound to happen at some point.

Janet knew this was not the case. Infact she was in another dimension, with a fleet of dwarfs, wielding her granny panties, and eight stray cats. Whom, were currently hissing their heads off at the dwarfs. Grandma, noticing this, decided to scream the word, “ATTACK!” which once the dwarfs cover was blown, they transformed into some plant monsters, they were devoured by the cats. Grandma was satisfied, and decided it was a perfect opportunity to make dinner.

By this time, Janet has forgotten her regular life. And persisted onward with the unknown quest at hand. Since the dude that brought her here was no where to be found. She scurried out side of the cave, (which was probably something you didn’t think of thinking about when you were envisioning this scene in your mind.)

AND BOOM! An explosion happened, turns out Grandma realized where she was. Several folk were frantically fleeing the scene. She walked slowly and cautiously towards it. There she found, and handsome young man. Who doesn’t have a name as of yet. He was attempting some magic against this dreaded beast standing only fifteen meters away.

The spell missed and hit a nearby nuclear powerplant. (Just what kind of setting is this?) Though the beast charged at Grandma, who sat down and used her secret super effective ability of lulling the beast to sleep by telling a bed time story.

The handsome young man was quite impressed. He awarded Grandma with a new skill. The dreaded fireball attack. She accidentally set it off on the handsome… well, no longer handsome young man… who was in a temporary coma.

Grandma gained a level.

Now, as the readers of this really odd book may have noticed there are a shit ton of things kinda missing or need to be finished, since the story is jumping around like a horde of crickets preparing a war.

This was exactly what was happening. Leader Cricket Dude… (yeah, we’ll call him LCD for short.) was granting the squad some great pep speech to prepare for the inevitable war of crickets versus cows.

Anyways we shall contort back to the stories left, and allow this war to go on for a bit, since this is not the only crazy thing going on within the world…

LALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALALA

Meanwhile, Armour Dude is proficiently walking, which is a hard task if you ask me, all that heavy armour and shit. Can you imagine trying to get to the bathroom, while attempting to hold in the diarrhea that will soon explode out of your rectum.

Armour Dude makes it to the bathroom, and unarmour his self… no, turns out Armour Dude is a chick. I am about as suprized as you, and I am the writer. Though we only see her boobs. As she bends over to release her bowels.

The Waterfall of shit, really splashed about in the toilet. The mysterious Armour Dude is relieved and opens the stall. And is faced with three guns drawn pointed at her. “Well, Shit” she thought. “I knew it was a bad idea to shit in the police station’s restroom.” after continuing this thought.

Biotechno and past Brian are currently sitting in a park, in Hiroshima, sometime in Winter 1944-1945. “NOW WATCH AND LEARN WHAT I CAN DO TO CHANGE THIS WORLD CAPEDITIEA! ...well, Brian, since you have yet to kill your self to become Capeditiea.” at this point several folk were providing stares. Staring at Biotechno. Thus started mecha manga.

BOOK SEX

Chapter One...

Well let’s start over. Hello, I am Capeditiea, gnosis goddess of art and creativity.

it seems that i have taken too long of a break to continue the previous story... which was kinda horrifying... to say the least.

Turns out I was preoccupied with several other things, like finishing up the 66 albums and kinda put this all aside. now... i am in a state of trying to figure out what i was thinking before so now that we have restarted this. :D this will be the official Book Sex. :D Also the said tree from before, has been completely covered by random things so i couldn't take a photo of it... it was as if the tree didn't want it's photo taken... so we shall have a different photo. :D

Also due to the potential risk of many legal things. That some folk would have, because it is their story or some shit, would be all like, "Blah, Blah, Blah, you cannot use this in your book."

YOU KNOW WHAT FUCKERS WHO WOULD SAY THIS! FUCK YOU!

Anyways, we are sitting in a basement, you across from me kinda bound to an office chair. There is a window where the window was destroyed by an unknown source as of yet... even though it was sincerely a moment i would like to forget. We were in the dead heat of summer, but i was kind enough to unclothe you before tying you to the chair. Just outside there is a park. Just a small one, with a slide, some swings, a sitting bench, and a picnic table. If the kids were to look inside this abandoned house and see you the gig would be up. But this intensifies the situation for us both.

At this moment i was far to exhausted to move. Suddenly, we were face with the worst possible outcome. A Police Officer coming up to the windowless window. We were not doing anything wrong or anything along those lines...
but apparently to the onlooking mothers at the park they were not too fond of the fact there was two people in an abandoned house, one naked and bound, the other just sitting while naked. I could have swore i put up a protection barrier around the house...

The cop was no longer the biggest concern. I only say this because the said protection barrier has become sentient. And has turned into a naked girl. Quite pretty, With voluptuous breasts, basically an anime or barbie proportioned body... She then somehow shot her hand right through the officer, his stomach kinda followed with the hand projectile. She smiled as this melted into the ground.

Both our eyes were quite shocked. We hear one of the mothers scream, I was curious as to what was happening. I peer out the window. The Mother's head was now rolling down the slide.

We decide it may be a great idea to untie you and leave fast. We were now surrounded by about a dozen cops, who were protecting them selves with car doors and guns drawn. The house becomes sentient now, and hops over to where the cops were. Time decides to go slow motion with camera angles showing the cops reactions, most have their mouths open as far as possible in the state of shock and bewilderment. One was preoccupied with the message in the in-car radio communicator was saying, rather slowly. "NNeeaarrbbyy OOffffiicceerrssss, wwee hhaavvee aa..." the house smashed it's self on top of them all.

Anyways, this is just where I am now.

What is really going on is this. As you may remember, in the previous thing where there was a cliffhanger... you know what, i shall remind you. :D

Chapter 10.4 The Cliffhanger
The closed door to the asylum opens, a guy with a mask over his mouth, with medium lengthed hair, and a mechanical gunblade, wearing a white shirt that has a large green "B", jeans and a cape. He says... "I will find you, and kill you."

Well, ain't that some shit, i have yet another fucker trying to kill me. O and incase you haven't figured it out yet, that is Biotechno, I know this, because my younger self has met him... on a few occasions. It may have been mistranslated of kill or something... this may not be the case... he could fairly well be leaving me vulnerable. Which suspiciously may be the case.

Regardless, I have been potentially getting confused more and more by the day. Things have changed, i just know it. Like all my friends are different from before, i had so many things done that i cannot remember. So many things that were not entirely plausible with my personal views. Hel, even then I rarely know if it is all part of Biotechno's idea of killing me... it could be.

But we must go through this. Nothing else could even help the fact that time travel is the main weapon of this procedure. Who would have thought my own power would be used against me?

While most would try and debunk most time travel situations, this would clearly be a challenge to understand. So i will make it easy for even a child to understand.

TIME TRAVEL (grade school edition)
Time is only a concept which we live our days going forward in increments of one second. As some of you would notice, that when you look at the clock, watching the second hand slowly rotating around, going even slower, slower, frustratingly waiting for the time which school lets out. Where once the bell tolls to indicate school has ended for the day, you head home, turn on a video game. Before you know it, so much time passes and you must go to bed to start your day again.

So repeating this process, the time slowly becomes a little quicker, this is what we call a routine. Once a routine is set, then time seems to go faster, since you tend to lose interest in the clock, and are more interested in providing the service of a routine. But how is this time travel?

It is specifically, since you are traveling through time. Forwards, but still traveling. Most folk think of time travel as going back in time, or going forward in time at a really unrealistic amount. Though both are possible. Several folk don't realize the answer is right in front of their faces. They just don't see it yet.

I shall grant you some really amazing info on how time travel will work.

First, we shall take the most eligible contradiction. I say it is a contradiction for the fact there is no accurate proof. Unless you take the Butterfly Effect into consideration. Incase i haven't pointed out what the butterfly effect is, i shall. You may have heard this story before.

One day a dude, time traveled back in time and accidentally stepped on a butterfly. Came back to his original time period. But he realized so much has changed. (which is the super short version of the story...)

Another Theory of the Butterfly effect is when a butterfly flaps it's wings in africa it produces a hurricane.

And then there are the movie series. Which is partially the first analogy of what i am portraying. Think of it as a little far-fetched.

I will teach you how to do this easily. :D there are many methods to time travel back in time, with meditation and astral projection.

It is really easy, all it takes is about two to three hours. But, the practice of this may take years even decades to do affirmatively.

first we shall cover the steps to provide this.
Learn to focus. yes, focus by meditating. Simply start meditating 10 minutes at the start. then go up to 15 after a week's worth of daily meditation, continue to add five minutes per full week, until you can sit, lie, stand... for 3-4 hours, with out any sign of non-comfort. See how it can take years?

given the fact a year is 52 weeks with a few days extra. 52X5=260 260/60=4 hours and 40 minutes... so it may take less than a year. With persistence. You cannot miss a day. If you miss a day or fall short you will have to make next week the same time.

Several folk will have troubles after they get up past an hour. So don't let it bother you this long. It isn't as easy as how Bran does it in Game of Thrones.

Once you get up to 2-3 hours, we can start with past life regressions. Seeing a visual confirmation would be challenging at first. And often times they are biased. This is why i ask you to slowly increase the time you take for meditation, since this is why it comes in handy. When you clear your mind during meditation at a point around 2-3 hours you will experience your first visual confirmation, but they are random. Which one may see one, then go on for a few weeks with out it. This will become addicting, there is no other feeling.

Anyways, one can start to increase not only the ratio of seeing, but also increase the duration that which is seen. After much time, one can shorten the duration before these visual confirmations are set. Which in turn would come nearly immediately.

Some folk, very few will have the ability of clairvoyance which can grant this process a lot quicker.

Some of my own accounts would take too long to cover, i will have them later on... probably in Book Seven. Which I now plan on having eight during this time. :D

Once you have past life regression down which would start with your most recent previous life, continue going back another life, then another, continue till you are at the first life. A confirmation of how the first life would be. You would feel a sense of accomplishment. While you travel through your past lives, take notes. The current life you have wasn't the only one you made mistakes on. How you died is very reassuring on how your life is now. Some reflect on your personal habits, your fears, your outlooks on things. All these stay with your soul.

Now if for some reason you feel there is no soul. I can assure you, with out it you would have no motivation. Even if this is your first life.

You will become more open to many things once you get through this. Which this is also a step towards apotheosis. This is the only side effect.

After you have completed this task, which probably is around a year or more. You should have a good grasp on how to control the visual confirmations.

Which is when we move to step four. Astral projection. Now you will have the tedious task of leaving your body intentionally. Most folk with Out of Body Experiences have similar instances. Though they are not controlled. The process may take some time to do.

Simply leave the body with out moving, how ever you can do this. What ever method works for you to hop out, and turn around and see your body lying there, will work again. And will be quicker each time. :D

Chapter Thirty Seven: Epilogue
Spoiler to an unfinished story.

It was all at this time when the world was feeling peaceful. Humans frolicking, dancing around like they just took a few hits of LSD. ...or Molly... or what ever it is you kids do these days.

Capeditiea was sitting at the shore, silently expecting an abrupt end to this amazing tale of dragons, shark bunnies, cats, the amazing grandma wielding nun-chucks. Which were fabricated by old lady walker boobs and that elastic string in the band of panties near the waist.

However poor ol' Cap was devastated by the death flag that has been following around her. She turns towards the kind woman, who is currently busy configuring the string from her bikini.

which then Cap realized that she was fully clothed on a nudist beach. "Damn it" She thought. She jet's out there, only to find the amazing Grandma was currently pleasuring her self with her old ways, by destroying a walker, who happened to sneak it's self in.

The walker was clearly far more stronger, and bit the amazing Grandma. "SHITFUCK!" Cap mentioned, as it was clear as day what will happen after the amazing Grandma becomes a walker.

"BRIAN! I KNOW YOU ARE THERE!"

Cap's father yelled from the portal of the other dimension.

Cap mumbles, "fucking A, here i am trying to save this dimension... well... fine."

Chapter Three
If you haven't noticed by now. You are Probably stupid.
or.
That can be the title or the first sentences of the chapter. You decide.

The war was probably just beginning when i was holding in my hand some kind of pliers. I know i have seen them before, but i cannot tell where.

My surroundings were of a prison. Was i trying to break out of here? I conveniently used the pliers to leave a careful incision upon the valleys of Ol' Grandma's Barbecue. who was listening to some Albinoni's Op. 9 Concerto No. 2, it is her favourite, dancing while cleaning the Barbecue.

Baroque Barbecue...

I waited till she finished listening to Albinoni to speak, since it would be disrespectful. In the meantime, i listened intently, letting the music take me.

Chapter Four: The Era of the Miss Shaped Pearl.

"What if there was a book, that would suddenly travel through time and space, shift dimensions and end up here?" Elisa asks me politely.

"there is, didn't you know? this book is the holy book of Capeditiea. I am surprised you heard of it." I reply in a cordial manner.

"Come, i have something to show you." i state with an excited happy face. Waving her to come along.

We step into the Gondola. I talk with the Gondolier in private.

“May I paddle your Gondola?”
“No.”
“Why not?”
“You’re a woman.”

“O,”

/Well shit... I should check my self before hand. But then again, i occasionally like to experience everything to it’s fullest extent./

I blush. O my a hard on. :O Which the Gondolier called the girl from the boat. She makes her way towards us. He points down to the hard on... “You know about this?”

Elisa, looked into my eyes and said, “Yes,” Which then she stabbed the fuck out of the Gondolier. We skillfully made our way to the Gondola, She stated. “Take Me There.”

As we are traveling, she inquired, “You know, I knew you have that, too bad we cannot get it removed since there is no way to do so. But maybe i could help you accept it more.”

She has me sit down, pulling up my dress revealing a monster of a penis. Wrapping her mouth around it. I slightly tense up, giving off a light moan, Elisa grabs onto my hips, “You’re hard already.”

She lifts her dress, exposing her vagina, and casually sits on me. We kiss.

The Gondola bumps into the dock. Causing Elisa to moan loudly. “We can continue here.”
We rushed to land, and fell her on top of me.

We resume where we left off, and she cums, lubricating the penis as she keeps moving, fondling my breasts, she leans forward, kissing me.
I was addicted to the feeling of her vagina wrapping around my cock.
She stops, looks me in the eyes with such malice.

She grabs the blade and cuts off my penis. “You can be a Eunich. But I will have your only child.”

I am shrieking in pain, rolling around in the ground.

Chapter Five
Brian wakes up from the nightmare. Checks to see if his penis is still there. It is.

He gets up, and walks to his dresser, grabbing some clothing. taking off the bra and panties that he was wearing that night. heads to the bathroom, brushes teeth, combs hair, grabs backpack. And heads off to school. On his way there passing the creek a friend stops him. “Hey, Lugie, let’s skip school.”
“Okay.”

We go down the frozen creek. Brian falls in and couldn’t get out, gasping for air, trying to grasp a place to hold on to, nothing. Brian slowly dies.

The Sky was dark. People were searching for Brian, and boom! BRIAN WALKER JUMPS OUT AND STARTS SLICING THE FUCK OUT OF YOUR SKIN! AND BITES YOU!

Secular Amen Chant: Turn into Walkers
YOU TURN INTO A WALKER AND START BITING THE FUCK OUT OF PEOPLE WHO THEN BECOME WALKERS! :| Amen

Optimistically, on this fine winter night, a tornado sweeps through the land. Wiping out a horde of walkers. The scene was amazing, almost similar to how a coke fiend accidentally sneezes and the coke flies everywhere. Of course with the bloodshed of the closest humans around due to the combination of their losses and withdrawals.

Iconically, This also seemed to happen to Freddy, whom was currently writing a note down to obtain the next shipment in. Which a spider decided it was a great idea to descend from the ceiling and hover to the eye level of Freddy. Freddy was deathly scared of spiders, especially ones that sorta have the Black Widow type look to them... he pushed his chair back away from the desk. I come rushing in, to investigate the fact of what was going down. Turns out Freddy started frantically shooting off his gun towards the spider... missing every time. I simply use my super amazing skills of throwing darts and aim for the spider. Turns out I accidentally hit Freddy in the eye. He was known through out the community as One-Eyed Freddy.

Which shortly after he got a tattoo that was a spider just above his right eye. Incidentally, this would lead to his new routine of becoming a mob boss, and simply took over the city. I was his right hand. I would go out and take care of his... cleaning up services. If you catch my drift.

The job I am on currently requires cement, some rope, and finding a guy. I only had a picture to go by, this guy had some strange distinctive features, his nose was hooked by being broken several times, a receding hairline that goes at an angle probably due to the burn mark that takes over half of his face.

This fucker decided it was a great time to rupee Freddy one night and fuck him, that night I was out on a different mission, to fetch groceries. Even mob bosses eat... contrary to popular belief.

Well, I was outside the harbor which he was apparently doing business in. A female comes out, she is a real beauty, long jet black hair, down to her waist, a nice slender body, proportioned breasts. O my, she is walking towards me. Did she notice me?

She passes by. I get closer to the harbor, and peer into the window... to my amazement, my job was already taken care of. “FREEZE!” I hear from behind me. I turn around expecting that a gun is point directly at me. No, instead I see a frantic officer holding his gun in a shaking manner.
I look to where he was pointing the gun. I couldn’t believe my eyes, there was a fearful looking being that cannot be explained by words. It was horrifying to the point I instantly peed my pants. Me, the right hand man of a mob boss... peeing their pants at just the sight of this thing. In one quick moment I catch the officer’s head. I somehow end up in the room that which I was recently staring in. I quickly hide my presence best I could. This creature decided to get really close to where I was hiding and started smelling around. To see if it can smell my scent. After some time which seemed to be forever. It left.

I waited a few minutes to give my self and the creature a safe distance apart. I return back to base, shower to clean my self up. Afterwards, I casually walk towards the bosses chamber. At the doors, I gain my composure and open the door. Which the lady from before is sitting on the ottoman in a seductive yet with elegant posture. She smiles. “You seen it didn’t you?”

“Seen what?”

She turns into the creature. At this moment, I take heed to the state Freddy is in, whom is kinda dismembered in several pieces.

I wake up in a bed. Sluggishly walking to the bathroom. Washing my face. Sitting down to pee.
“Honey, can you bring me my briefcase.” My husband asks.

“Yeah, give me a second.”
I pull up my panties, and grab his briefcase. Head down the stairs. I am met by my ten year old son, who offers to bring the briefcase to papa. I give him the briefcase. After they both leave, I return to my room to shower.

I have an appointment with my therapist in a half hour. I put on a summer dress, and some make up. Double checking my self, before stepping out. Stepping into my car, driving to the therapist.

Waiting in the lobby, seeing a kid pester his mom for some gum. While another kid is frantically rocking back and forth, which happens to catch my gaze. His smile disturbed me. It was similar to that of a murderer’s who set eyes on their next target. I quickly look away. “Sharon...” the assistant looks around the room as I get up. “Steve is ready to see you.” I continue through the door, go down the hall, I hear some one yelling towards their therapist about something. Enter into Steve’s office.

“Hello, Sharon. How are you today?”
“I am well.”
“Has any of those episodes happened to you lately that you were talking about the last time you were here?”
“Not that I am aware of. I just cannot remember most of what happened before this morning. I know something happened yesterday.”
“What do you feel when you think about yesterday?”
“Fear.”
Steve nods, “I see, do you remember our last conversation?”
“Not entirely, i just remember that you suggested to take notes on what is happening.”
“Did you take notes?”
“I don’t know if i did or not” I look in my purse to find a notebook conveniently placed in there with a pen latched onto the first few pages. I open it to find...

Chapter Five: In the Note Book.

September 4, 2032
Steve requested I write things down at the end of the day everything i can remember, and check back on it each morning.

Today, while I was alone at home, before Doug comes home from school, I cleaned the whole house.
Once Doug returned home, he kinda messed up the main room with his toys, I stepped on one and it broke. He cried, I offered to buy him a new one, but he didn't want a new one. He started a temper tantrum. This was when Jim gets home, he had a rough day at work. Doug rushes to Jim's arms.
"Papa! Mommy broke my toy."
Jim was a bit exhausted, "I am sure Mommy didn't mean to."
We ended up ordering Chinese food, since I was preoccupied by Doug's tantrum.

September 7, 2032
I don't know why I neglected two days of writing, maybe it was due to the lack of remembering.

This morning, I was busy cleaning the kitchen, when I went into my room, it didn't seem anything like it was supposed to, I heard someone say, "Capeditiea, open your eyes" in a really frantic tone of voice...

September 8, 2032
I cannot seem to remember what happened today at all.

September 9, 2032
I received a really strange call on my cell phone. Someone was calling about their computer coming to life and that I was the only one who can help them with it.

a few pages were torn out.

September 13, 2032
Jim found my notebook and ripped out the previous pages, i have no idea what was written, but he took Doug and stayed at his mom's place for Doug's safety.

September 16th, 2032
I have been really depressed, probably in links to Jim and Doug... but who are they? I don't know.

September 20th, 2032
Jim and Doug return home, he said that he is sorry for what he has done. I forgave him. But I still don't know what happened these missed days.

Sept. 21st, 2032
I went shopping today, but somehow ended up at home after grabbing a box of strawberries. I opened the fridge and a bunch of food was in it. Doug returns home from school, and turns on some video games, when did he?

At this time I see a strange object floating outside, almost a hybrid of an UFO and a basketball. It is just slowly passing by. Shortly after I notice it, it zooms off. I take a sip of tea, but it turns out to be blood. A kid knocks on the door, whom, had the facial expressions of a fox. Requesting to go to the back yard to pick up a ball. I let him through, and close the door.

But everything from then till a few moments before I started writing this, I have no recollection.

Sept. 22, 2032
I receive a strange phone call, asking if i received the package yet. I told them that I haven't. I am scared to leave the house, since they keep on calling. Often leaving threatening messages.

I told Jim about it, he said not to worry about it. They are probably just some teenagers messing with me.

Note to self, Doug's 11th Birthday is Sept. 25th.

Sept. 24th, 2032
Steve's Office called today to remind me of my monthly appointment on the 2nd.

Sept. 25th, 2032
I have completely forgot about Doug's Birthday. He is mad at me.

Sept. 26th, 2032
If I didn't look at my notes... I would have not noticed why Doug is mad at me.

However something else really scary happened. I get a call out of the blue, the voice on the other end states they are coming over. I don't know who this person was. They were friendly, and it felt natural to talk with them.

A few more pages were ripped out.

September 30th, 2032
I ripped out the previous pages today. To protect my self.

October 1st.
In the morning, Jim found some girls purse in the main bathroom and asked me if i knew who's it was. I have no idea. After a bit he went out with a few friends, a woman, probably the same woman as before, comes, stating that she had forgotten her purse here by accident.

By some chance
She caressed my breasts, and kissed me passionately.
pull down my panties, and she makes me moan...

, she request i write this in my journal to remember her by,

she asked me to put her name down so I don't forg

Her name is Je

the rest of the notes were scratched out...

Chapter Six: Back at the therapists.

Steve sets down the notebook, with a very peculiar expression.
“I see, well today’s session is over, continue writing in the journal daily. Next time, we will have more discussion on what is being read.”

I stand up, and walk out of Steve’s office, I step into my car, it wouldn’t start right away. I jump from a loud bang to discover the creepy kid from before staring at me with a really chilling smile. Which he coldly states, “I know who you are.”
He backs away still wearing the smile. My car starts. I back out frantically. A slight skid rings the air.

I arrive back at home, my door is completely ajar.

Something was way off... it is dark now, I am in a room I have never seen before. Tied to a bed. Tape over my mouth, and a sensation pulsating in my vagina. A camera is filming me at the foot of the bed, no one is in site, tears of fear are pouring down my face. I hear a door open from an adjacent room. Some man with a mask and a chubby build is looming over me. Breathing heavily.

He removes the vibrator from my vagina, and forcibly sticks it in my butt. I let out a muffled cry. He places suction cups over my breasts. Him softly chanting in a panting tone, “bigger, bigger, yes. You need bigger boobs, for me to play with.

He grabs a really big dildo, nearly the size of a soda can but longer, and rams it into my vagina. Another painful cry. I am shaking with such intensity. He grabs out a syringe, fills it with some liquid, and sticks it into my clit. Saying in the same breathy tone, “aphro-dizzy-ack.”

He uses the same syringe and fills it with a different bottle of liquid. “Sleeeeeep.”

Chapter Nine

I awaken to great pleasure, blindfolded, and can feel someone or thing really thrusting deep into my vagina. Feeling the penetration of the thick object, slightly tearing at the walls. Pleasurable pain. My hips are moving to get used to the feeling, I wouldn't normally be this aroused... it just seems off. After what seemed to be forever, the movement stopped. I feel a prick in one breast, another in my other breast. They are getting really warm. The object stays inside me, but is wrapped with medical bandages to prevent it from falling out.

The blindfold is removed from my eyes, and I am carried outside into a car. My car. I am too groggy to be aware of my surroundings. The trunk closes, and I lay there, half aroused, half out of it. The car starts, we are going to another location, the song, "Breathless" by Cascada is playing loudly.

After a long car ride, the car hits a bump and causes the object inside to go a bit deeper. I let out a moan. The car screeches to a halt, which I am thrusted towards the front. I hear footsteps just outside. "Yes, i got her. She will be easier to manage. So about the money..."

"Yeah, yeah, you'll have it by tomorrow." another voice says, which sounds just like Jim's.
I am shaking from enticement and fear. The trunk opens, to my worst fear, it was Jim who was standing over me. He takes me to our room, giving me some pills, "You should sleep now. You won't remember this tomorrow."

I slowly pass out.

Chapter 10

I awaken to Doug playing some makeshift drums with a friend. Something is creepy about that friend of his. He has a really mischievous smile all the time. I head to the bathroom to pee. I am suprized by the pure intense pleasure of peeing, have i always been this way?

“Mom can you take Jerry and me to the Waterpark today? A lot of other classmates are going there.”
“Let me think about it.”

I step out of the room, which i am face to face with Jerry. “Have your boobs grown, Sherry? They are really big.”

I rush back to the bathroom, to find that my boobs are abnormal size for a human. No wonder they seemed so heavy. The kid let’s him self in still smiling that creepy smile. “So Sherry, do you know who I really am?”

He pulls out a gun, and shoots me.

I awaken groggy in a field, “Monica, time for dinner.”

“Yes, Pops. Be right there.”

I get up, almost rejuvenated. Something is feeling really odd. I mean i feel that I have lived a different life before this moment, yet it feels as though i have always lived this life... It kinda is confusing me.

I make my way into the kitchen, in front of me some turkey from the farm, some corn on the cob, and potatoes that we got from a neighbor who grows ‘em.

Mama remarks, “Wash your hands, dear. You can say grace.”

“Can I?” i reply happily, Mama nods, I quickly rush to the bathroom wash my hands.

I return, and sit down, we hold hands “Lord, our father, thank you for the gifts that we are about to receive, and thank you for giving us the land to grow this fine meal. Amen.”

Mama and Pops both, respond with an “Amen”

“So, Carol, I will be out the next week to Lincoln, the business that buys local had a bad shipment and people got sick. They are calling it the Zombie Virus. Just three days after they’re infected, their, skin darkens and corr...”
“Not at the table, we are eating.”
“Well, I’m jus’ saying, they are wanting to send some people here to see if it was indeed our crops, or if it was another cause. The State Police asked me to come into Lincoln while they are investigating. Can you take Monica to Granmama’s house later?”

“Yeah,” she turns towards me, “How’s that sound? Granmama’s?”

My face smiles gleefully. “Yeah.”
Mama says, “After dinner pack your things.”

A knock at the door.

Pops wipes, his mouth with a napkin, “I wonder who this could be.” He makes his way to the door, BOOM! the door bursts open, from being kicked in. Three people dressed in all black come rushing in. Hits pops upside the head with the butt of their gun. I can see the blood dripping down his face onto the hardwood floor. “POPS!” I shriek. Mama pulls out the shotgun and aims it at one of the guys. Fires. The guy is hit, and unconscious on the ground. “Honey, go to the safe place now.” She motions towards me. “NOW!” ordering me as she reloads the shotgun. I run out the back door, with out looking back, dive into the cornfields. Arrive at the safe spot, open the ground door. Shutting it, locking it. Crank the power generator. Turning on the lights. Head down a flight of stairs opening the door, with hand print verification. It opens, and dash inside. The door closing behind me. Crank the second generator. And watch the television screen which have the six cameras surrounding the house.

I was breathing heavily, holding my breath. Mama took out the second guy, but the last one, is now holding her captive, struggling to tie her wrists. The first guy is no where to be found. BANG! a gunshot just outside the door. BANG! BANG! BANG! I look at the camera just outside the door.

The first guy, who looks angry and injured is currently shooting the door to no avail. He leaves.

A few minutes later, Mama completely bound, and being placed into the unmarked van. The first guy wobbling to the van and gets into the passenger seat. The third guy, drags Pops into the van. But before being pulled in, his hands are being wrapped with duck tape that was conveniently placed inside the van, finally pushing him in.

He heads back in and grabs the second guy who is obviously dead. Dragging him to the van. The third guy then closes the door, and steps into the drivers seat. The two are having a little bit of a scuttle.

They leave.

I remember from what Pops told me, if something like this were to ever happen, wait till they leave and a 24 hours, if at night wait till daybreak. There is bottled water and canned goods for supplies and three beds, along with a bathroom.

I was too shaken to really sleep. Crying, almost the full night. Morning comes and I decide to read one of the books we kept here for the time being. Pops was an avid reader when he wasn’t working on the farm. The book I chose was just a random one since I couldn’t decide. The cover was black

and no indication on the name of the book. I carefully skim through the pages, wondering what this book was... the final page had an inscription with Pops handwriting in blue ink.

“Look for the omni-dimensional being, Capeditiea.”

The book was thick. Curiosity struck me, and had me completely forget everything that just happened. I start reading...

Hello, I am Capeditiea. This book you are holding is none other than an instruction manual. This manual, is clearly something that needs to be done. In order to save the world from what has been going on for the last decade. In your hands is a book, that will change your perspective of everything.

That sounded a bit cliche’. But it is accurate to assume this as such. There will be no chapters in this book and it is meant only as a guide to randomly open to and read as you feel is necessary. You may or not read all of it in your life time. So i am writing several lines of non-sense on the surface.

Now to get down to this. I am the omni-dimensional being really the only one. Most wouldn’t even think of this to be true. However, I can prove it. I request you, Monica. :O o my, your name came up... how did this happen is this coincidence? No. This is my power. I am speaking to you clearly from this book. I know exactly what just happened because I have seen it.

I ask you, Have you experienced things recently? that seemed off. Aside the point that your family was just now taken from you?

...

I quickly close the book and toss it aside. “WHAT THE FUCK!”

I regain my composure, and contemplate on what I just read. Has anything been off lately?

------One Month Ago------
Pops is talking with some lady about something, I cannot quite hear what was said since I was outside enjoying the nice early spring breeze. She hands him a small package. That night, Pops went outside, I thought nothing of it, and nuzzled into bed. The next day, our corn crops shot up way faster.

---Back to the Present---
My mouth was wide, since I connected the two.

I open the book again, to a random page.

You realized why your family was taken. Now I am only a book in this dimension. Please read on a little further. This will be of much help in the upcoming situation you will be in. You have the time. I asked your father when he read this book, to tell you to give you 24 hours at least. Since this is quite necessary. You may refer to this a lot later on in life. So, this will become of an important item... wow, calling my self an item. Well, I shall give you a few practical instructions.

First, you need some rest, it may be a challenge, but you need to sleep. But before you do, a few other things.

I will tell you that your mom is going through traumatic experiences. Your dad is currently in need of intensive care. This is not something one would tell someone just before they fall asleep. It would be something that would clearly keep them up. But I say this for one specific reason. So you know how they are. If any changes happen while you are reading this, I will state.

Now, to assure you of this, at this current moment, you can save both of them. How? I will tell you in the morning. They will not die. They are just in a lot of pain. Physical and mental pain. The captors identities are people you have seen before. You will see them in your dream. Remember your dream. I will guide you through it so you can remember.

For the sake of this situation, your Pops should have put something to help you incase this was to happen. look under the middle bed’s mattress... close the book, open it again after this.

.....
I search under the said mattress and a gun happens to be there. and open the book once again.
.....

Turn to the first page, this will show even more proof upon the resolve,

.....
I do so.
.....

Hello, I am Capeditiea. This book you are holding is none other than an instruction manual. This manual, is clearly something that needs to be done. In order to save the world from what has been going on for the last decade. In your hands is a book, that will change your perspective of everything.

That sounded a bit cliche'. But it is accurate to assume this as such. There will be no chapters in this book and it is meant only as a guide to randomly open to and read as you feel is necessary. You may or not read all of it in your life time. So i am writing several lines of non-sense on the surface.

Now to get down to this. I am the omni-dimensional being really the only one. Most wouldn't even think of this to be true. However, I can prove it. I request you _____. :O o my, your name came up... how did this happen is this coincidence? No. This is my power. I am speaking to you clearly from this book. I know exactly what just happened because I have seen it.

You see? how much going back to the same pages can change? I even changed the name to _____ instead of your name. Strange how this happens to be how the actual book is written.

I now request you go to sleep, and trust in your new Goddess.

.....

I close the book, and set it on the table near the third bed. Lie down, and doze off to sleep.

Chapter 11: The Dream

I am in a warehouse, sorta floating in the air, three guys are discussing things, there is a photo of Pops, Mama, and I. Which the discussion arises about how to take them captive. One of the guys was clearly noticeable, Uncle Thompson. The other two are Uncle Thompson's work buddies at the local tractor shop and repair. Which is probably the warehouse of where they are in this setting.

Suddenly a flash of light floods the area, then everything goes dark. I hear footsteps, fear sets in, i want to run away but my legs won't move. Some androgynous figure becomes visible. "Hello, I am Capeditiea."

I wake up with a jolt. I glance over towards the book, expecting it to be missing. Nope, still there, I look cautiously around the room. "Hel---" I throw the book at the figure sitting on the chair... which they performed some comedic fall. "Ouch... books hurt you know."

"Ho-how did you get in here?" I ask with utter suprize and shock.
"O, easy, this is still the dream. Or is it?" the figure carefully stating. "But wouldn't you like to know who I am?"

Calmed down a bit. I nod my head in affirmation.
"I am Capeditiea. I kinda changed the scenery to something more comfortable for you. Since it would be kinda a challenge to talk with you in the dark..."

Is this person serious? I thought.
"Don't worry, we'll discuss things more appropriately shortly. I am in need of some tissue... and perhaps a bandage... the book hurt me quite hard..."

I turn on the light. And see Capeditiea clearly for the first time. A bit bloody, but still... I get up and head to the bathroom. "So, how are you going to help me?" I grab the bandages.
"Well, the first thing I should tell you is that I cannot physically help you, my original self can only be seen through dreams and that book. I have to figure that out on my own... Secondly, your situation is dire. If your father were to be compromised by them, the world in this dimension is fucked."

I head over and clean the wound and bandage their wound.

"Since, You are quite an important part of this all, I will let you know that we will meet later with my original physical body in about seven years. After the chaos has spread. But you may not be in the same existence. You will know what i mean in due time."

I sit in the adjacent chair. "Now that your wounds have been bandaged, how can I get my parents back?"

"You seen the location they are holding them earlier in this dream. There is only one opening which the two remaining will be too preoccupied to pay attention. This will come in 13 hours upon your waking up. In this time you will have enough time to untie your mother, but not your father. Let your mother run out to call the police. They will catch you and hurt you, and you will end up with a

scar. Not just a physical scar. But it is necessary. You could probably guess what is going to happen. and with this knowledge you will soon wake."

Everything becomes slightly blurry, and Capeditiea hurriedly mentions, "O, and one more thing, watch out for..."

I wake up, and see that the book is not there. In it's place, a note in some really hard to read writing. "Thank You for the book."

Chapter 12: The Rescue.
13 hours pass, and I head to Thompson's Tractor Shop and Repair. The two are currently frantically arguing over the fact their contact has not shown up yet. I continue towards the back door. I see Mama tied to a post, while Pops is hoisted up on the engine lift. A small puddle of blood below him. I carefully open the door. "Mama, i have come to save you. Go, call the police." I nervously untie her from the pole and look for something to cut the rope from her wrists. Mama nudges with with her head, pointing me to the location of a utility knife. I open it and start sawing away at the rope. After a grueling five minutes, she is free. "Now go, I will be okay. Call the cops." She gives me a sympathetic stare and a kiss. Finally rushing out. The door to where the other two were at bursts open.

Uncle Thompson smirks, "O hi, Monnie." He limps towards me. Smacking me to the ground. "I see you have saved your precious mommy." He's towering over me with a really lustrous grin. Tying my wrists to the pole. My legs flailing around trying to stop him. "Now, now, we can't have you moving your legs around too much." He grabs one of my legs and jabs a hook into my Achilles heel, pressing the button to the crane lifting my leg up. I am crying in pain. My waist is hoisted up enough to where I am supporting all my weight on the other foot to alleviate some of the pain. He uses the utility knife on my pants, and panties, revealing my vagina. He unzips his pants. Shoving his cock deep into me. I let out a whimper of pain. Every thrust causes the hooked leg to burst with pain. He cums. But is still continuing, "I won't let you off that easy, bitch. You will get pregnant with my child." The other guy comes in... My vision is obscured from the intense pain, and the overflowing of tears. "I am sorry to interrupt but our contact is here."

Thompson gives one final thrust and pulls out, leaving a cream pie. "Finally," he turns to me, and gets really close. "I will finish this later." Throwing a big dirty blanket over me.

"Ah, yes, come in I have at least one of them here for you. The other two got away. Come in, Come in."

"So this is the guy you were talking to us about over the phone, the one who is responsible for the outbreak?"

"Yes, he is." The guy starts sobbing, "the outbreak took my two sons and wife."

"He looks in bad shape," the dude states, then questions, "what did you do to him?"

Uncle Thompson chuckles. The dude continues, "We'll take him for now."

I hear a door close, and the blanket is ripped from my body, I quince from the change in light. "Now where were we?" BOOM! A gunshot rang through the air, Uncle Thompson's brains have appeared randomly all over me, his lifeless body falls to the ground. In front of me, the dude from before, who calmly states a cheesy line that ironically fits with this situation. "You should have not kept her from us."

I pass out.

Just before the screen fades to black, the dude mentions on a walkie talkie, “Great we’re gonna have to find this one again.”

Chapter Four: Re-Cap.

The Craziest thing happened to me the other day, it was a cool, July Night, walking to the convience store down the road, I opened the door, three kids were at the soft drink fountain machine, joking around. The clerk yelled at them to leave. I proceeded to buy a pack of smokes, a soda, and a lighter. It came to the ironic price of 4.18$.

As I leave, the three kids, were fucking with a cornered rabbit. Throwing rocks at it, I keep walking... But something pulls me towards these kids, which i tell them to stop... But one of the kids throws a rock at me... my forehead starts bleeding. They run off. I pick up the bunny and return home. I attend the wounds of the bunny. I notice this bunny looks a little strange, it’s mouth seems to have shark like teeth, and it’s tail seems a bit longer, along with it’s hind legs, which appear a lot stronger and nearly bipedal. I put it off as it being some of the wounds inflicted. It still looked cute.

I head out to go to the vet, to ask them some advice on healing a hurt bunny. This lady in a lab coat, stops me as I leave my house. “Something really dangerous is in your house.” She mentions.

“What do you mean?”
“You should kill it... if not, 20 years from now there will be a lot of problems.”

I remark in a skeptical tone, “Are you from the future?” “Yes” she immediately replied, then continues, “...and no. I am not from time. But if you want to know I come from the year, 2032, originally. CERN developed the time machine. I was it’s first test subject... however, i no longer can stay in a lateral value of time. I hop around.” She smiles with a sign of sorrow.

“So what is so dangerous in my house?” I question, still skeptical. Knowing that she could have seen me bring it in.

“I saw you bring it in a little while ago, I was just sitting here in this park... and noticed you were holding a shark bunny in your hands.”

“A what?”

“A shark bunny. It was created by someone in your area. Which is my mission to find them. Their name is Gary Smith, from what i pick up he has a farmhouse with a second family. Started this second life after raping a girl, which was really his ex-wife after they divorced. But this rape didn’t end with just a human. He also raped a shark and a bunny, then spliced the two, and gave it several aphrodisiacs that it now, has a tendency the sporadically fuck humans.”

I am baffled and not as skeptical, yet I have more questions than answers. I offer her to come in. She wields some kind of strange knife-like weapon, it extends but it appears to be dull. She shows off bluntly, by slicing the car that she was leaning on. (Apparently the car was not there a second ago...)

“This blade cuts through atoms using the negative space between particles.” She states in a super cool tone, almost as if she practiced talking in front of the mirror.

We enter into my house, which as it turns out, the bunny, was gone... we hear a scraping noise behind us. Which was just loud enough to catch our attention. This chick swings the now spear looking weapon across my room, bisecting my couch along with the coffee table. I am starting to freak out over this... She continues randomly swinging like a little child trying to swing a pinata, just with an auto extendable blade, and the pinata is a moving Shark Bunny.
I was convinced now, that indeed this creature was not to be fucked with...

Sudden silence. I break the silence... “What about my shit? Are you gonna pay for it?”
The door bursts open, she completely ignores me, and fabricatedly states, “Shit, the fucker got away.”

She rushes out. Some parcel falls out of her pocket.

Picking up the parcel, two teenage girls are smiling, a graduation photo, from the local high school. Weary now, I cautiously peer outside, she is nowhere in sight. My jeans are ripped apart by what felt like teeth. I am fucked in the ass by an unknown creature. It’s cock has scale that are ripping the insides. I fall to the ground, and see the Shark Bunny, hopping away... I pass out...

I appear to be at a cliffside home, the skies are crimson, but at this time? I keep walking, down the steps, in front of me is this vast blueish green meadow. Expanding as far as the eye can see. “Where am I?” I ask my self out loud. I turn around, and see a person in a mask, who asks in a half polite, half annoyed tone... “What are you doing here?”

“Where is here?”
“dP’s Hell.”
“So i am in hell... the hell... it seems a little more pleasant than it is perceived to be...”
“Naw, this isn’t that hell...” the figure laughed, then continued, “You are in my hell...”
Their expression turned a bit dark, “You shouldn’t be here...”
As this was mentioned, a large gate rose from the ground, on the other side was my house.
“Go through there, it will take you home. Like nothing ever happened. But first, I must show you what is to become of the world, the world you came from. This will not happen to you in the alternate world that I have created.”

Somehow a television just randomly appears beside us. The television show “Twin Peaks” happens to be showing... (author’s note, those who have seen it, may or not, know which part i am kinda quoting...)

“Oops, i forgot i was watching that again.” They change the input. “Okay, here we are.”

The scenery, shows various houses on fire, car alarms are all going about, and you see about a dozen shark bunnies gangbanging the fuck out of some random person... only feet away a few more gangbanging another human... as the camera of an unknown source continues down the street you see the shark bunnies have developed into more humanoid bipedal forms with more muscles and larger cocks which the scales upon the cocks are a bit more jagged. I am sure you can imagine the factors of what would happen when they would fuck you... at this point, Capeditiea’s song, “Shark Bunnies” happens to come on. Which kinda fits perfectly for this situation.

Anyways, I slowly back away towards the gate, nearly about to puke. This was not something any one should see, now that i have seen it, i can never unsee it... it was that horrifying. I jump through the gate with out looking back.

I am in front of these apartments. A chick wearing only underwear with a pair of scissors is all stabbing the door, yelling at the person inside, “JIM BOB! YOU FUCKER! GIVE ME BACK MY KEYS!”

Several folk are kinda watching. “I CALLED THE COPS!” some random spectator yells. She turns her wrath towards the guy who yelled that... and stabs the fuck out of him with the scissors. After some time she was finally satisfied and stands up, looks at a nearby spectator who, once was spotted ran off. But as the camera follows their movement they get hit by a car, which now their leg is kinda stuck somewhere in the engine of the car, where they are shrieking out in such pain.

She spots me. I am instantly concerned for my life. She makes her way towards me but trips. The scissors kinda stabs her neck as she falls. After some time, she sluggishly gets to her feet, and starts crying. She gives me a heated gaze, similar to the one where they would soon say, “I will deal with you later.” Yet, as it appears she may be unable to speak.

She hobbled over to where she was originally at the start of this scene.

“JIM BOB I KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE!”
she continues stabbing the fuck out of the door.

The police arrive. They try to apprehend her, but she ends up biting one of the police officers. Stabbing his eyes, and carefully slashing the other’s throat in one swift motion, it was fascinating really. Even the spectators were all wide mouthed. If their jaws were all dislocated their jaws may very well have touched the ground like the good ol’ cartoons portrayed.

She is living just on pure adrenaline and will power now... i am sure of it, because the amount of blood loss is quite unreal, and would require some kind of supernatural being like a zombie. Out of curiosity, the camera pans over to check on the dude hit by the car... (i imagine the camera person is a spectator...)
The chick is apparently back to stabbing the door, and yelling for Jim Bob in some variation of what was said before... also the variations of how they are said... off screen that is...

The dude who was ran over, is kinda missing a leg, since the car hit and run... suprizingly.

One of the spectators stuck out to me though... the dude was wearing sunglasses and looked like he was of some kind of agent... As soon as I noticed him, his head turned directly towards me, and smirked. He lifted his arm near his mouth, and his lips started to move.

For about three or so minutes I thought nothing of it. What made it into a big deal was the fact that i was whacked across the head...

WARNING! WARNING! (big red flashing letters on the screen.)
Hello, I am Capeditiea, I have shown up to tell you, the reader, as you are probably already confused, and have a slight inclination of where this is probably heading... I can assure you that it is not going to turn out how you think it is. I am not David Lynch... by any means. However, We do have similar writing skills... and would like to meet him one day... I shall also note that a lot of this book does seem like it is very Lynchian... however... I haven’t gotten into Lynch until recently. So if you are thinking that most of this is kinda like a strange adaptation of Twin Peaks... I shall tell you that everything was by pure synchronicity, and that I was not aware of this until midway through chapter three... or what ever chapter is the one which seems a lot like Dougie’s situation in the Return... (which is really when i started watching Twin Peaks... and was astounded by how much of it relates to this book here. It is freaky really... to top this off... Pay attention to the shadows in Season 2 Episode 12 at the end. when the lightning strikes i am sure you can see my sigil... which also is another really crazy synchro... hmmmm... LYNCH IF YOU WERE TO EVER READ THIS! I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE YOU TURN THIS INTO A MOVIE OR A SERIES! damn it. (but keep this part out...) That is if you haven't... okay, now that i have had my say, i shall return us to the story. :D

I awaken to what looks like a darkened room with a dim overhead light. Handcuffed to a table.

To Be Continued???